The Relief Society Magazine

VOL. 39 NO. 7 Lessons for October JULY 1952

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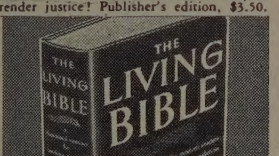

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Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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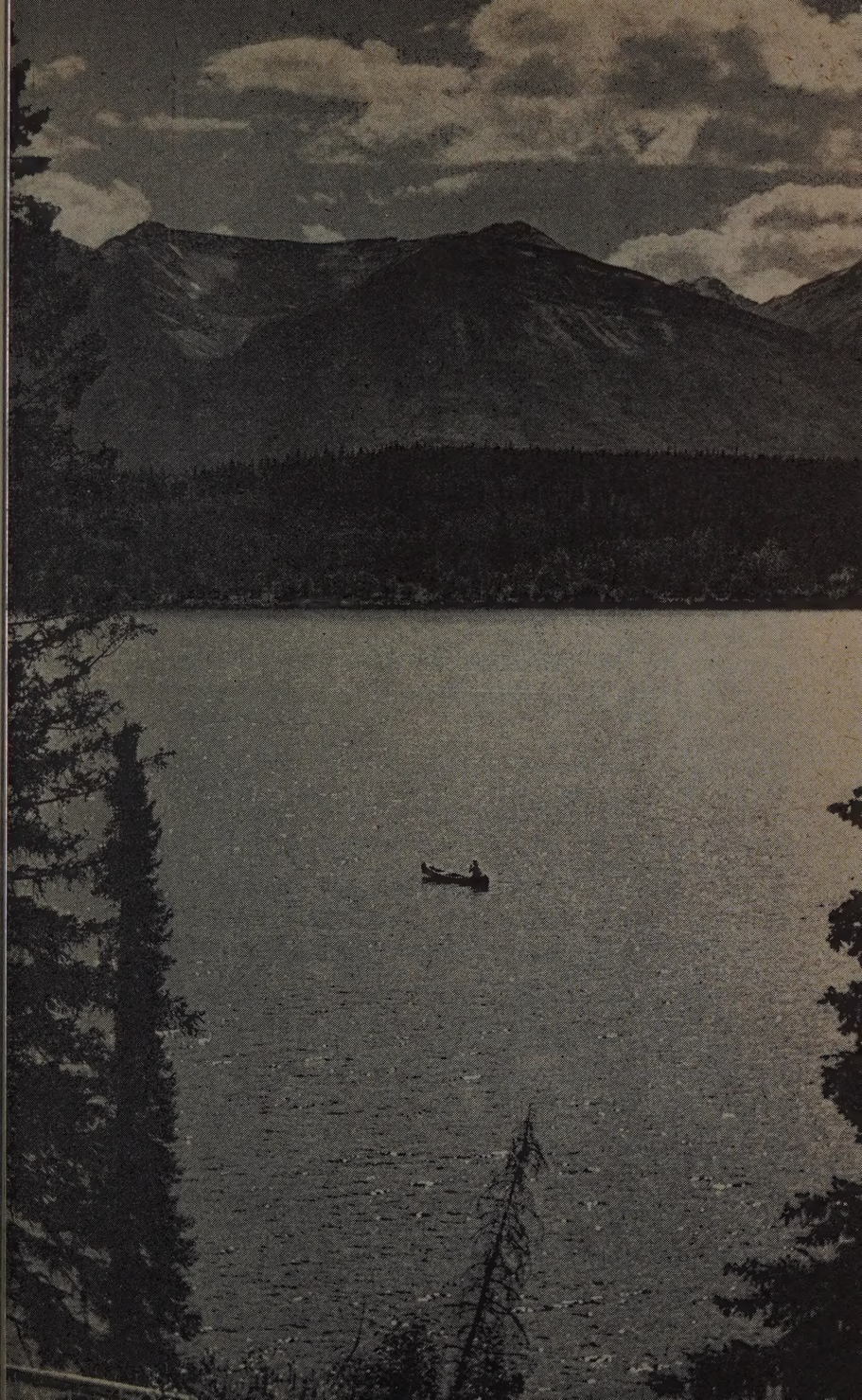


Westward in This Era

Dorothy J. Roberts

To those who first ranged westward in this era,
Who, tasting a new glory, found it good;
To those with quickened sight for lengthened space—
Earth's wildernesses dwindle. Power stood

Fire-ringed above their barricades,
Greater than the might of man, or mile
That raised against *The Word* a bitter threat
In sullen stretch of sage or voice of guile.

Drouth could not quench their spirits' living springs,
Nor rob their hunger of its vital bread.
Where parching winds had gnawed the dim trail through,
They only stayed to splice the broken thread.

A clarion roll of prophecy, fulfilled,
Climbed its high crescendo in their day . . .
Barriers were straw before the hoofs of brass,
And the young lion loosed against the prey

The Cover: Mount Chephen in the Canadian Rockies
Photograph by Josef Muench
Frontispiece Photograph: Pyramid Lake, Jasper National Park, Canada
Courtesy, Canadian Government Travel Bureau

Girders of Strength

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

AS a skyscraper is supported and reinforced by girders, so is a social structure. The pioneers builded by means of strong girders a social structure which has risen from a lowly, despised station to one of enviable eminence. But as steel girders may be weakened by corrosion and rust to let a building collapse, so may our society fall if we let the girders corrode, or build the ever-growing social structure with an inferior framework.

Let us examine some of the pioneer "girders" and follow them into our day. Our forefathers had *faith*—not only faith in God as our Heavenly Father, and in Jesus Christ, as his Son, not only faith in Joseph Smith and their leader Brigham Young as prophets of God, not only faith that the golden plates were real and translated by the Prophet Joseph with God's aid —that they contained the word of God and a history of the ancient inhabitants of this continent, but faith in themselves as sons and daughters of God, who not only enjoyed the knowledge and privileges of the new dispensation, but carried the responsibilities of that knowledge and those privileges.

Not only the doctrines and covenants of the Church were theirs, but a philosophy of life which actuated their very beings through every waking hour, affected their work and their play, their responsibilities as citizens and as parents. This sense of responsibility felt so keenly by our ancestors was the belief in man as an individual which was in them brought to the highest point in the world's history.

So few people ever analyze the philosophy of Christianity, the philosophy on which the whole Western civilization was built, viz., that a man is important in and of himself as an individual, equally important with all other men in the eyes of God; that a man is not just an animal of flesh, blood, and bone, but a complicated individual, containing a spirit, a spirit which is linked with a spiritual life wherein God dwells, an individual with a divine spark, who can commune with the spiritual world by means of prayer, inspiration, and revelation. So every man is important in his individual way, but along with his importance he carries grave responsibilities.

It was this idea of a man's being important as an individual and responsible for his own welfare economically, mentally, and spiritually, unanalyzed and unrecognized, which rose like a great tidal wave, moving men westward across unchartered seas and unknown continents, and which reached its pinnacle in the great surge which was the Latter-day Saint movement. That is the key girder in our social structure, the intangible rod on which our strength as a people rests.

Our forefathers were industrious in every sense of the word. They believed in work as a virtue, as a solace for sorrow, as a means

of progress. They who left fine homes of luxury, beauty, and convenience, set about building with their own hands homes in the wilderness of whatever materials the wilderness and their own hands could provide. They worked with their hands wherever necessary and felt dignified by their labor.

Another girder was their living, acting *brotherhood*. They co-operated for their safety and their progress, they co-operated in small groups, for love, to help a stricken or needy brother. They were neighbors in actuality in their everyday living, giving and accepting help; but no man demanded it as his right.

They had *courage*—not only the courage to face the wilderness, hardship, privation, illness, and death, but courage to be different when that difference to them meant righteousness. A great deal of their physical courage, it could be argued, was the instinct to survive. But they could have survived singly had they deserted their faith and their people and returned to the world that had renounced them. Such was inconceivable to them. An individual of that caliber does not renounce what he believes, what he knows, in which he rejoices, in order to be physically comfortable. They were following something within their hearts which was greater than comfort, greater than luxury, greater than security. They were following a warm and living light, and they had the courage to suffer for it.

Their courage throve as well on everyday fare as it had in the great emergency. They had certain ideals of conduct which they followed, and would never have considered violating in order to be popular or a good sport, a jolly good fellow. They knew that a man can be idealistic and decent and have very enjoyable living.

THEY were a loyal people—loyal to their faith, their leaders, their group, and to each other, but above all loyal to their ideals. Theirs was no gangster loyalty—they did not condone evil-doing. To love a friend is one thing, to uphold him in crime and sin quite another. Their disapproval of wrongdoing was a powerful social weapon, and no man excused his evil deeds by pointing to lax custom. Men do not die for intangibles, as our forefathers did, and then tremble in fear of losing the companionship of a loose-living associate. Honor was something to uphold, a warm and comforting thing. Their loyalty was built on *integrity*. A public duty was a sacred trust, not a means for private favor and profit.

Our ancestors built with *humility*. For all their sureness of a man's individual importance it was an importance linked with man's responsibility in the upbuilding of God's kingdom. An individual was important in that he was subject to no other man's will, body, or soul. He had his own free agency, and the kingdom of God was far-off and needed much, and our ancestors had a fair idea of the smallness of man. They were wise. And a wise man knows that however hard a man studies, however much a man learns, he has still much to learn in relation to perfection, and he knows little indeed if he does not know how little he does know.

They were studious, forever seeking knowledge, and created an institution of higher learning within five years of their entry into the Salt Lake Valley, but they were never arrogant and overly proud of their learning.

AND our pioneers knew their *responsibilities as parents*. They were aware of the importance of discipline in the structure of human happiness. To them obedience was the first law of life. Without obedience they would have perished on the plains. They were too near their experience of being face to face with death to have forgotten the position of discipline in the scheme of human living. They knew that a child's feeling of security needs a certain sureness that right will be approved and rewarded and evil will be exposed and righted.

Every parent among them was charged with the responsibility of guiding his children in the ways of righteousness and happiness. His was often a gentle hand, but it was never a hand that hesitated to guide a child around dangerous shoals because of a half-digested theory that somebody had read recently or heard in a lecture. They knew the value of struggle and did not overprotect their children.

Progress must take its course. People living in crowded cities, with modern conveniences, modern comforts, and luxuries, traveling in various conveyances, all of them rapid, buying fruits and vegetables in paper bags, bathing in hot water as many times daily as suits their habits, washing clothes automatically, using electrical and gas-run equipment which does many of their mundane tasks, cannot be expected to react in all ways as people did when they were face to face with the earth in all they did. But we still need the strong girders that went into the building of our social structure, or the structure itself will fall. Brick and stone, even nuggets of gold, are not enough, and will not stand by themselves alone.

A civilization is more than automobiles, modern furniture, picture windows, easy working hours, high wages, electrical equipment, college degrees, and beautiful clothing. A civilization is built on ideals for which people will die because they mean more than life itself. Our civilization was built by our martyrs, not by the Falstaffs, who found "discretion the better part of valor." It was built by our heroes, living and dead, not by those who "fight and run away."

If we have not courage, individual courage, to live by our ideals, even if at the moment we are left lonely, we shall find ourselves in the end lonely indeed. If we have not vision, the long view, to strive for the distant goal, we shall lose what the past has gained for us. If we trade our loyalty to righteousness for loyalty to the gang, we have tied our kite to a very short string and will never soar.

If we lose our sense of responsibility we have lost all. No society ever corrects the faults, errors, sins, and crimes which it condones. When we say, "We've always had graft," or "Well, everyone else is doing it," we are simply shrugging off our responsibilities. To admit

an evil makes doing something about it imperative. We don't want the feeling of guilt which comes of admitting wrong and doing nothing about it. We lack the courage and stamina to face the unpleasant task of cleaning it up, if we deny or excuse it, or give it sanction by claiming that it is widespread and so acceptable.

No social structure ever stood high and strong without the girder of responsibility; and the history of the rise and fall of civilization has shown that when great masses of people trade their responsibilities for security and ease they have neither ease nor security long. The slothful, the irresponsible, the people who do not cherish their individuality enough to shoulder its accompanying responsibilities, soon lose their importance as individuals.

No civilization ever lasted long or grew strong on arrogance. The arrogant are the most quickly defeated because their weakness is so evident and they are so vulnerable. Because we are, perhaps, a civilization containing the greatest numbers of literate people the world has ever known, does not make us a wise people. We assume that because we can read and that we do read that we are able to understand and weigh wisely that which we read. Flaunting our arrogance may well be our downfall.

OUR forefathers loved truth and sought it wholly. Today we take the easy road with half-truths with a catchy, slogany form. We say, "Labor creates wealth" as though we were uttering unquestioned wisdom. But will it bear analysis? Nothing is so futile as undirected labor. The pioneers had good leadership, their labor had a pattern. Nothing is so destructive as misdirected labor. It takes labor to plan and execute a robbery, but it makes no wealth. Labor, then, is one of many factors that weld into the making of wealth. Because most of the others are intangible, it is easy to fail to see them and to realize their importance. There are factors, such as vision to see a dream, courage to follow the dream when the odds are against one, insight into the difficulties and possibilities, persistence to work and study when the lights of victory are dim or almost out and the body and spirit are tired, willingness to work long hours into the night through fatigue and frustration, and a deep sense of responsibility. "Where much is given, much is expected." There are other factors such as timing, and even chance plays its part, but these are enough to illustrate our tendency to lean heavily on a partial truth in the face of all our educational advantages.

We have a precious heritage. We are closer to the girders of strength with which our fathers builded than any other people. The social structure they left for us may be built upon, but in the one we are building on the foundations of the old, let us look well to our girders. Let us build them strong, that in reaching for height we do not forget the necessity for strength, that in building for beauty we are not deceived by gold leaf and glitter, that in wiring for artificial light we do not forget the sun.

What Might Have Been

Winona Powers

Once I had a dream.

It was my birthday; I was old; and all the people of the town had assembled to honor me, their oldest citizen, for all the good I'd done.

"Not big things, no," the Mayor said, "but for the little kindnesses that she has shown her neighbors through the years . . . the accumulation of little acts that mean she was always there to lend a helping hand."

Mrs. Thompson was there. She had lived next door to me while her family was growing up. Five little Thompsons there had been—I remembered distinctly—and she had needed lots of help during their baby years. She thanked me for it now, and there were tears in her eyes.

Tony Morales made a speech, too—a young lawyer now he was, handsome and fine. He told how I always remembered his brothers and sisters at Christmas, and how he could always, when he needed money, mow my lawn or do some weeding after school.

There were other shadowy faces, too . . . faces that said, "She visited me when I was ill . . . . She always smiled when she said, 'Good morning.' "

It was a bad dream when I had it, for, you see, I was not doing any of those things for which they were praising me. If I had the dream tonight, I hope it would not be a bad one.

Moment on a Plateau

Iris W. Schow

Time passes, and the little fingerprints
Are wiped from every door and window frame;
The bathing suit once improvised in haste
Is found still hanging in the basement corner,
Forgotten, gritty from the stream's-edge sliding
That passed for swimming with our roguish dear.
The little tractor, lost, lamented, missed,
Appears where snow has camouflaged the rose;
The drawing on the wall gives way at length
Before redecoration, and the top,
Secreted behind Ibsen, lies revealed.
Who knows when the last sign
Those happy days have been, becomes effaced,
And outcry from the soul comes no more daily?
How does joy taper off? When pain cease throbbing?
I sometimes think
We pass so often in and out of heaven
Our final going is a natural step.

Canadian Rockies Cradle Church Settlements

Claire W. Noall

IN the national parks of the Canadian Rockies we find the backdrop for the Latter-day Saint settlements of Southern Alberta. These towns are very fortunate in being on, or near, some of the direct highways leading to world-renowned playgrounds. The mountain ranges extend nearly into Alaska. The parks, which include an area of over 8,000 square miles, are linked by highways that offer the most spectacular scenery.

Once seen, the continuously magnificent views are never forgotten. Usually the interpark roads run along the floors of narrow valleys, walled on both sides by glacial mountains. The dark forests of evergreens, reaching toward the gray summits of thousands of stone peaks, are held by cold, white hands. Icy fingers move with timeless deliberation toward the lakes and rivers, carving their way through the ranges. The rivers cut dramatic gorges. At times they roar and boil through narrow, overhanging channels. The spray-bedewed atmosphere above the marble or limestone crevasses cools the face of the traveler—but it fires his spirit. Here, if ever, the famous saying should come to mind: "Men are, that they might have joy."

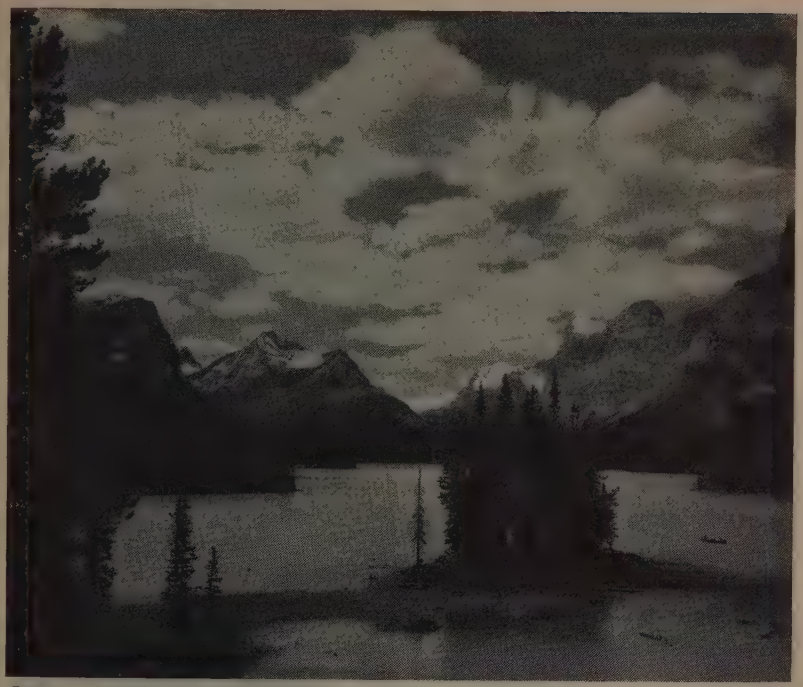
Nowhere will one's feelings be more buoyant or deeper than in these glacial playgrounds.

Only five years after Lewis and Clark completed their journey to the Pacific Coast by way of the Columbia River, some of these northern passes were explored. In the interest of the great fur companies, trappers found their way over the Athabasca trail as early as 1811. Toward the middle of the century missionaries, scientists, and artists climbed these high passes. Among these explorers were Father de Smet, the Belgian priest, and David Douglas, the Scottish botanist, whose name we know in connection with a beautiful species of fir tree.

Less than a hundred years after the white summit of the Athabasca trail was first crossed, Banff, the first national park in the Canadian Rockies, was set aside. Its northern boundary cuts through the Columbia Ice Field. Its southern limits lie just beyond the present townsite of Banff, with its permanent population of nearly 2,000 people.

In 1907, Jasper, the largest of Canada's parks, was defined. An area of over 4,000 square miles spreads north from Banff Park, including part of the ice field. Jasper townsite, another all-year resort, is 186 miles north of Banff. The two cities are connected by a long section of these emerald highways, jeweled with their lakes and streams. (See frontispiece photograph of Pyramid Lake.)

Adjoining the two parks to the west, through which railroads as



Courtesy, Canadian Government Travel Bureau

MALIGNE LAKE, JASPER NATIONAL PARK, ALBERTA, CANADA

well as highways run, are Yoho and Kootenay National Parks. Yoho is in the valley of the Kicking Horse. The river and the pass were named for an accident involving a kicking horse, which happened to their discoverer, Sir James Hector, the geologist.

Approximately one hundred miles south of Banff—again in the midst of amazing mountains, rivers, and lakes — nestles the International Peace Park—Glacier National Park, in the United States, and Waterton Lakes, north of the boundary. Over an invisible line, motorboats on upper Waterton Lake constantly pass unchallenged, giving their passengers the freedom of this international intent for peace.

Within thirty-five miles of Chief Mountain Highway, eastern entrance to Waterton Lakes, the Latter-day Saint temple at Cardston, stands.

IN the late 1880's, when the first of these Canadian national parks was being set aside, three Latter-day Saint settlements were being founded. Vast ranches were stocked and cultivated near Cardston, Lethbridge, and Raymond, the three points of a triangle. Today their elevators rise along the highways almost as close together as

fence posts. Toil and labor were the mottoes of those settlers. The plains, with their utterly amazing harvests of grain, required the hardest kind of work to be fulfilled.

Nor had the improvement of the parks yet been realized. The dream stood only against the horizon of time. For the Mormon settlers, the mountains rose in the mist of distance. They were there—one-time hunting ground of the Indians—the Crees and other nations. When the Latter-day Saints came they were the friends of the Indians. To the mountains they were still strangers.

The latter statement is no longer true. Lethbridge lies on the direct road from the south to Calgary—gateway from the east to Banff National Park. We made our first visit to this park when the days were immensely long. On Dominion Day, July first, we were in Lethbridge. We found the stores closed, and so pushed on to Calgary through late afternoon sunshine, a distance of eighty-five miles. At Calgary we lost our sense of moderation. Banff National Park beckoned to us. We could not refrain from moving toward the mountains.

Not long after leaving this lovely city, with its two wide rivers, and its high green hills, and its modern housing developments, we passed some fields where a colorful rodeo was being attended almost equally by Indians and whites. We soon learned the reason for the presence

Courtesy, Canadian Government Travel Bureau

A ROYAL MOUNTED POLICE CONSTABLE PAUSES ATOP SULPHUR MOUNTAIN IN BANFF NATIONAL PARK, CANADA

Courtesy, Canadian Government Travel Bureau

PEYTO LAKE, FROM THE BANFF-JASPER HIGHWAY, ALBERTA, CANADA

of so many Indians. As the white men's cars sped back to Calgary, the Indians' Fords livened the road toward the mountains. We were following the Bow River. Suddenly the level line of the plains broke. The river deepened into a shallow wooded gorge. Against the mountain wall, which we were now approaching, group by group, Indian villages began to appear.

Evening had come when we entered the forest, but darkness had not fallen. It was barely candlelight when, at nearly ten P.M., we reached Canmore, a tourist camp beneath the Three Sisters, striking gray limestone peaks rising above snow fields of the Selkirk Range. At six-thirty the next morning, we were taking color pictures; the light was perfect, shot through with rich gold.

A half-hour's drive took us to Banff townsite, where the travel bureau will supply any information you desire about park accommodations. By all means make your reservations ahead of time. They range from luxury hotels to moderately priced motor lodges and campsites. Banff town offers its year-round outdoor swimming pool, fed by warm springs; its famous Norquay chairlift for skiers, horseback trails, and challenging slopes for alpine climbers.

North from Banff, the rough roads of the past are now only a myth. All you have to do is start out and have a wonderful time. You will see, along the Banff-Jasper

Courtesy, Canadian Government Travel Bureau

SOUTH END OF BOW LAKE AND CROWFOOT GLACIER, BANFF NATIONAL PARK, ALBERTA, CANADA

highway, Lake Louise, forty miles north of Banff City. Long before you come to this perfect lake, with its high horizon of the Victoria Glacier, you have undoubtedly passed some long-legged, heavy-shouldered moose. One glimpse of them on land reveals the fact that nature has made their legs grotesquely long. And it is all the more interesting to see them with their cows and their calves, near the edge of the slough, wading in the reed-filled bogs.

ON the bluff above the moose-grounds, less than twenty-five feet from the road, mountain sheep may be frolicking, playing hide-and-seek with you, or merely staring, somber-faced. As we stopped for pictures, a little boy pointed to a lamb and whispered, "It's got a nest up there." With shining eyes, he gave his secret away.

The incredible beauty of the highway opens foot by foot. Mile-posts are numbered. Printed keys give you the names of the mountains, glaciers, lakes, and rivers you are passing. Lovely Bow Lake seems to be only a still river, widening, narrowing, stretching for mile after mile. The glaciers amaze you with their great depths. Yet there are always more ahead. And Hector Lake is a thousand-karat emerald. One wide and precipitous moun-

tain is literally covered with slender waterfalls of great height.

Above the steel bridge that takes us across the North Saskatchewan River, we see the shelf from which these falls tumble. Back of this rises the mountain crest and the ice fields which feed them.

We are in another valley, much higher than the one through which we have traveled, and which was dominated for over thirty miles by Mt. Chephren (cover photograph of the *Magazine*), so named because from certain views it resembles an Egyptian pyramid.

We are climbing Sunwapta Pass, through a high, filled-in valley. The Arctic willow grows along the banks of icy streamlets. Here the river has no size. The last we saw of it, it was plunging through a crevasse, almost subterranean. With a loud roar, it churned through its deep fissure.

At the top of the pass we approach the Columbia Ice Field—a tremendously deep area of snow and ice which feeds three oceans: the Atlantic, the Pacific, and the Arctic. We have left the Saskatchewan, as it plunged down the canyon toward Hudson's Bay. On the west, the Kootenay River feeds the Columbia; but as we continue north toward Jasper townsite, we follow the Sunwapta River to its confluence with the Athabasca. This flows to the Arctic.

The edge of the Athabasca Glacier is only a quarter of a mile from the highway. We drive to the green ice, and, standing on the field, take color pictures. It is eight P.M., thirteen and a half hours after our first pictures of the day, and these were not the last on that July second. Starting from this point snowmobiles will give you a fascinating ride over a ten-square-mile field—about one-thirteenth of the surface area of this great source of many waters.

On and on we go to the north, past Athabasca Falls, and finally to Jasper, a hospitable city with a decidedly British flavor. One of the most beautiful spots in the whole chain lies ahead, thirty-two miles beyond the city. An eighteen-mile drive takes the real adventurer to Medicine Lake, and across it by motor boat. Then he hikes or rides horseback up Maligne Canyon to exquisite Maligne Lake, nestled between two great ranges. For sixteen miles it penetrates their thickly-wooded walls.

Southward, we finally speed, enjoying every view of these infinite peaks and distances far more than when we first glimpsed them. From among several choices, we routed our way through Kootenay Park to reach Waterton Lakes. We made a great loop through British Columbia, passing many an orange-colored sawdust pile smudging and smoldering beside the sawmills. Finally we crossed the continental divide from west to east at Logan Pass, in the Glacier Park of the United States; and then over the little link to Waterton Lakes. We took the well-known boat ride down the seven-mile-long upper lake, across the unseen international boundary. The steep pine-clad walls were flecked with mist. It was sunset. It began to rain—terrifically. And still we loved this experience.

In the morning a fresh breeze set the waves glinting with the same

(*Continued on page 495*)

A Time to Forget

Chapter 1

Fay Tarlock

"I'M awfully sorry," Serena Abbe said. She bent to pick up her pencil which had dropped to the floor. "Will you start again, please?"

"I hadn't started," Mr. Green said. He took off his glasses to rest his eyes and carefully scrutinized Serena's face. He was a man in his late sixties with white hair and a rosy face. With his right hand he twisted a tuft of his white hair until it stood erect, giving his face the look of a benign old owl.

"You were in a troubled daydream. They seem to be habitual with you these last few days." There was no reproof in his voice. Rather he asked to understand.

"It's nothing, really." Serena's soft brown eyes, almost the color of her natural curls, darkened with embarrassment. Her fair skin flushed. She was a slender, quietly pretty girl, with a straight nose that wrinkled when she smiled. When she felt no one was watching her, her face was sad.

"I think it's just that I've let myself get too upset by what's happening to our world. And," her smile was very sweet, "after a long winter, vacation time is near."

"Yes, vacation always helps." Mr. Green was carefully adjusting his glasses. "You've been with us five years, haven't you?"

"Late this June," Serena said, wondering what he meant.

"That's long enough for me to give you a little advice, isn't it?"

His shrewd blue eyes twinkled and Serena nodded.

"You're still a young girl, barely twenty-six; you're attractive. It is a waste and an insult to life to let what happened six years ago make your life a wanton waste." His face was serious as he leaned forward, emphasizing his words. "It's time you faced the thing squarely."

Serena could not meet his gaze. She turned her eyes to the window. Across Montgomery Street she could see the window of another office building, and above the building the drifting May fog.

"I'll never feel any other way," she said in a low voice, her eyes still turned. "Something in me died." She clenched her hands tightly as she faced her employer. "Oh, in a way, I'm over it. One has to live." She unfolded her hands and took up her pencil. "I'll be all right in a day or two, Mr. Green, and I won't let it interfere with my work again."

There was moisture in Mr. Green's eyes. "Your work hasn't suffered. You're the best secretary I've ever had or ever will have. It's what is happening to you that concerns me." He wiped his eyes and started to dictate.

That night she walked home to her one-room and kitchenette apartment halfway up Telegraph Hill. The fog was in, full strength, and the wind that blew it was

sharp. Serena thrust her hands into the pockets of her short green jacket as she pushed her way up the hill. Once inside her top-floor room, she opened the windows to let in the cool, damp air and lit her gas burner to be warm. Summer in San Francisco, she thought, shivering.

FOR several days she'd been like this. Now she was fully aware that she must make a decision, one that would end the confusion in her mind. Even when she got the telegram saying that Jim Towers was missing in action over Tokyo Bay, she hadn't gone off the deep end. She had quietly finished college in her Oregon home town and come to San Francisco to work for Mr. Green, a senior partner in a large law firm. Mr. Green had long been a friend of her father's.

But the telegram had been the end of many things. It was no use wishing she had married Jim. He had insisted she was too young for that. She knew, with a fervent knowledge, that there would be no other man in her life. Whatever life she lived would be lived with his memory.

She was polite, sometimes friendly to the men she knew, as long as they asked for no more than a surface friendliness. Anything more sent her into a cold retreat.

As she stood by the window, watching the fog blow over the eucalyptus trees and the gray roof tops above her, she thought of what she wanted in life. Since she had come to San Francisco her father and mother had died, leaving only a married brother in the old home.

A home of her own, a house with a little land and a garden and trees, that was what she wanted. She smiled doubtfully at the thought. From her father she had inherited about two thousand dollars, which she meant to use when she wanted something badly. Once it would have made a house possible, but not today. On her salary, she was lucky to dress well and afford an apartment by herself.

"I'll have to take a vacation soon," she said out loud as she took off her green knit dress and green jacket and changed into a yellow padded housecoat and slippers. But where? She didn't want to go to her brother this year. It might be, in this mood, best to go with one of her friends, perhaps a girl from the office. She must take herself in hand or she would become like old Miss Wyatt, in charge of the files. Miss Wyatt screamed at people and cried when she thought she had been offended. Yet Mr. Green kept her on because she had been with him a quarter of a century.

She opened her small refrigerator to take out a chop and vegetables. I think I'll go out and spend the week end with Cousin Harriet and George in Meadtown, she suddenly decided, and felt better. After supper she would phone Harriet.

Harriet was her mother's cousin, childless, and long married to George Lester. They had a small walnut farm in the beautiful San Vincente Valley. Because George had a heart condition, they lived very quietly. Serena made it a point

to visit them briefly on the infrequent occasions she had someone to drive her. They made no particular fuss over her, yet she felt they were glad to see her on her rare visits.

SHE was finishing her dinner when the telephone rang. It was long distance, Mrs. Hale, a neighbor of Harriet's at Meadtown. Serena had met her only a short time ago.

"I don't want to upset you, dearie," Mrs. Hale said in the voice of one who is bursting with the importance of her message, "but I have some bad news for you. Your cousin Harriet and her husband died today. George died early this morning and Harriet went soon after. I knew you'd want to know."

Serena asked for time to get a chair, her legs were so weak. "Harriet went a few hours after George, just like that," Mrs. Hale went on, enjoying her role as newsbreaker. "I always knew poor Harriet would kill herself waiting on George like she did, but what could she do?"

Before Serena could answer, Mrs. Hale rushed on. "She lived just for George, and she couldn't keep herself going any longer." Then, abruptly, as if she remembered she was talking on long distance, she said, "The funeral will be Wednesday in Valley Oaks at eleven. Can you come?"

Serena assured the lady she would come and arranged for Mrs. Hale to meet her at the Valley Oaks bus station.

When she told Mr. Green the next morning, he told her to take the whole day off, and Thursday, too, if it were necessary.

"I'm sure there'll be no need of that," she said. "I know nothing of their affairs. The Hales are taking care of everything. They've known Harriet for years. I'll be back Thursday."

On Wednesday she awoke to another day of chilling fog. The gray mists were dispersing when she crossed the bay. By the time she reached Valley Oaks the sun was warm overhead.

Mrs. Hale, dressed in discreet black, looked disapprovingly at Serena's smart suit of gray gabardine, and drove her to the funeral service.

After the last rites were concluded, Mrs. Hale guided Serena back to the car with a suggestion that she come to the Hale place for lunch.

"You might want to take a look at Harriet's place," she said. "I haven't an idea who is getting the property, do you?"

Serena shook her head. She supposed George had relatives somewhere.

"Look," Mrs. Hale nudged Serena, "that's Frank Howarth. He was their lawyer. I know him well enough, I'm going to ask—look! He's coming here!" Mrs. Hale's excitement mounted with each word.

SERENA saw a tall, bent, elderly gentleman with a worn brief case under his arm. She had noticed him looking at her during the services. He took her hand now and called her by name. He wanted to know if Mrs. Hale would bring Serena to his office. They might as well come before lunch. It wouldn't take long.

Mrs. Hale, perspiring in her excitement, rushed Serena to the car.

Serena was only mildly excited. Harriet must have left her some small bequest. She thought of the beautiful old mahogany dining room set she had often admired.

Half an hour later when they left Mr. Howarth's office on a Valley Oaks side street, Serena was sole heir to Harriet and George Lester's twenty acres of walnut land, house, outbuildings, farm equipment, and car. When Mr. Howarth read the will in his thin old voice, the shock was so great that she had been numb. Her first thought, upon recovering, was one of remorse because she had not visited the quiet couple more often, had not been more thoughtful of them.

"They must have been lonely," she said to Mr. Howarth. "I didn't know I meant anything to them."

"They felt you were worthy of the bequest," Mr. Howarth said dryly. He went on to say that the title to the place had been clear for a year, and that when all expenses had been paid there would be a few hundred dollars in the bank. The Lesters had spent almost everything they had on their home; their monthly annuity stopped with their deaths.

As the lawyer talked, Serena's state of shock passed and she began to realize her good fortune. She was the owner of a pleasant home set on productive acres in one of the world's most desirable spots. It was like a fairy story. She took a firm grip on the arm of the oak chair.

"To keep my head from floating away from me," she said, smiling at Mr. Howarth through a mist of tears.

Then, like a quick stab of pain, she thought of Jim. How he would have loved the walnut orchard in San Vincente Valley!

* * * *

"I'VE asked you three times what you are going to do now that you are a property owner," Mrs. Hale chided Serena. They were out of town and driving through the low pass that led into San Vincente Valley. "Do you think you can run a walnut orchard? Do you know anything about it?"

"I haven't had time to think about it."

Serena scarcely heard her words, she was so busy trying to bring her thoughts into focus. She had always enjoyed the tree-shaded ride through the valley to Meadtown and felt a prick of envy for the people who lived in the low ranch houses. Now she belonged to the valley, with its great walnut trees above the smooth purple earth, and the green hills beyond. She noted the new subdivisions, the little white houses almost touching each other, like the trees they had uprooted. In a few minutes Mrs. Hale was through the village center and passing through the orchards. She turned her car into the lane that was now part Serena's.

After lunch, Mr. Hale, a long-retired business man, left the women alone while he napped. Mrs. Hale insisted that she drive Serena down the lane to her new home.

"Do you know who owns all the property adjoining yours and across the lane? It belongs to Jeff Landeau. He has one of the best orchards in the valley."

Serena nodded to show she had heard. As they turned down the curved driveway, Serena felt as if she were seeing it for the first time. The bridal wreath had long since lost its white bloom, but the blue anchusas and the golden poppies made a vivid contrast against the background of blooming pyracantha hedge. The smooth, green lawn curved into borders bright with petunias, and the bank of pinks close to the white house gave out a heady perfume.

"They spent their entire lives on this garden. You'll never be able to keep it up like Harriet did." Mrs. Hale's voice was discouraging. "I'd like to go in with you," she added more cheerfully, "but I have errands to do in town. Come by when you are ready to leave."

SERENA stood on the lawn, away from the plane tree, enjoying the bright May sun. Turning her back to the house, she looked up at the trees framing the driveway. A clump of redwoods hid the butane tank, and across from them, away from the lawn, were tall pines and a huge oak tree, whose long branches protected the house from the afternoon sun.

Sighing in satisfaction, she went into the screened porch. The house was younger than she had thought, finished just before the war, the lawyer had said. It was a good house, with spacious rooms, built to last for generations. The big living room was all windows and French doors. There was a long, cool corridor with glass doors, and two bedrooms, each one larger than Serena's apartment. The dining room faced the porch, all glass doors, and there was a big farm kitchen, even a tidy basement, with a gas furnace and shelves of fruit.

Serena saw her domain with humility. She must be worthy of the house. From now on it would be not only her home, but it must be a place of refuge for others. I will be generous with this house, she promised intensely. Walking under the walnut trees, she saw with curiosity that the leaves had a reddish tinge and were not yet in full growth. A few of the dark catkins remained on the gravelled driveway. Serena breathed deeply of the sweet air. Twenty acres of peace and privacy, all hers!

In the white barn she found a black car, only three years old, and looking like new. There was a battered pickup of prewar days, and some farm implements. She got into the car, saw the tank was full of gas. It was a good thing she had recently renewed her driver's license. If she could find the key, she would try the car.

She got as far as the kitchen porch. A car, a shining new green pickup, was coming down the driveway. The driver was a tall man, suntanned and handsome. He was close enough for Serena to see his deep-set blue eyes and dark hair. His eyes were serious, even grave, and he had a firm mouth and strong chin. On the seat beside him was a small replica of a son, with the same smooth dark hair and unsmiling blue eyes. The two of them got out of the car and stood there on the gravelled walk in the walnut shade, looking at Serena as if she were an intruder.

(*To be continued*)

Willard Luce

ROCK CREEK IN THE HIGH UINTAHS, UTAH

Pattern for Loveliness

Grace Sayre

With song and laughter and curving wing,
Beauty lifts in a patterned swing;
True as the moon and tide together,
Rise and fall with their silver tether;
So does loveliness pulse and surge,
Its heartthrob beating a rhythmic urge,
Moving swiftly in a forward swing,
Lightly held in time's bright wing,
Bearing upward in delicate grace
To the singing stars in a singing space.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, July 1, and July 15, 1892

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

BEFORE RAILROADS: Before the advent of railroads through our beautiful Territory, when we traveled much by team, it was my good fortune to make an almost ideal journey through a very sparsely settled district. . . . We began our journey way down in the Blue Valley Country, but recently a part of Piute County. . . . To the South lay the grand old Henry mountain, densely wooded from base to summit . . . . Sixteen times during the day we crossed the stream which has a quick sand bottom . . . . The next morning we passed through a box canon . . . . If the mountain had been cracked from crest to sea level and the wagon road made at the bottom of the crevice it would have looked just so; or, as one of the children remarked, "God has marked out this road with His finger that we may not have to go up on this side of the mountain nor down on the other . . . ."—Ellen Jakeman

I WANT YOU SO

I have not turned away my eyes
From green of earth, or blue of skies,
And I still hear, as once I heard,
The splash of stream and song of bird.
The way seems smooth before my feet,
Yet in the dusk these tears will flow,
"I want you so! I want you so!"

—*The Magazine of Poetry*

WOMEN'S WORK IN THE WORLD'S FAIR: . . . women of Utah, you have a glorious heritage. You breathe a higher and purer air than most of your brethren; your eyes constantly rest upon one of the most glorious landscapes with which God has ever blest the vision of man; your soil yields most abundant growth; you are environed by mountains with hearts of gold and veins of silver, and sinews of iron; you have magnificent resources. It remains for you to take advantage of this opportunity to show to the world the wealth and the grandeur that God has given you.

—Mrs. Solomon Thatcher, Jr.

A VERY PRETTY GIFT: A very pretty gift and much appreciated was that of a box of pressed ferns and sea-weed from the Sandwich Islands and the box contained unique Relief Society badges, such as were worn by the native sisters there on Jubilee Day, March 17th. The badges were for Zina D. H. Young and her counselors including one for the editor.—Editorial

ELECTIONS: The great question of the next President of the United States is to most people, a very exciting public matter . . . . So far so good, but the end is not yet reached, but for the good name of our great Republic it is to be hoped peace and good order may be maintained and a disposition to bear disappointment bravely if on the losing side. Women are as deeply interested in this grave national matter as men can possibly be and have as much or more at stake.—Editorial

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

VESTA N. LUKEI, Redlands, California, a contributor to *The Relief Society Magazine*, is the author of *Mild Silver and Furious Gold*, a collection of lyrics recently published by Citograph Press in Redlands. The poems, revealing an optimistic spirit and a sensitive appreciation for people and places familiar to the poet, are beautifully expressed.

KATHLEEN NORRIS, well-known California novelist and civic worker, spends much of her time in making public addresses urging women to take an active part in the affairs of local, state, and national government. During her trip to Utah in May, she said that in the coming half-century women should become so interested in the welfare of society that half the voters in the affairs of government would be women.

MRS. TOY LEN GOON, American Mother for 1952, is fifty-seven years old, a Chinese-born laundry woman from Portland, Maine. Her name was presented by the Portland Business and Professional Women's Club, which mentioned the high regard in which she had been held in the community for thirty-eight years. Mrs. Goon has worked very hard to encourage and help her eight children with their education, especially since the death of her husband eight years ago. Her oldest son is Doctor Carrol Goon of Salt Lake City, twenty-seven years old. Mrs. Goon was honored at a luncheon at the Waldorf Astoria in New York. Here indeed we see democracy in action.

QUEEN JULIANA of the Netherlands visited the United States in April with her husband, His Royal Highness Prince Bernhard, primarily to study American production methods. The Queen considers it a good thing that Dutch women are now able to choose whether or not they shall work outside their homes, and she favors advancing women's rights in Holland. She calls herself a "working woman" and justifies the title. Among many other duties, she looks over about two hundred letters a day, answering some personally and delegating other replies. The Queen speaks English, German, and French fluently. She dresses simply, patronizing Dutch shops and personally observing the economy which is at present a national necessity. She lives in a homey suburban palace, rather than in the formal, large palace at the Hague, and spends considerable time daily with her four young daughters, who attend the most progressive schools in Holland, and who, later, may marry commoners if they choose.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 39 JULY 1952 NO. 7

The Narrow Room

RECENTLY, in a small town, a woman who had lived there all her life died at the age of eighty-three. Many of her relatives—nieces and nephews and grandchildren who had gone away to live in far places, returned to attend the funeral. Afterwards, when they assembled in the small cottage, set up against the hills, one of the granddaughters remarked: "I feel sorry for Grandma, having to live more than eighty years in this little town, limited in her activities and in her viewpoint—as one living in a narrow room."

But that young woman did not really know her grandmother, nor did she realize that the spirit can grow and expand and reach toward perfection in any environment. The woman who lived in the small town became aware of this significant truth as her years lengthened, as her understanding was quickened, and as her heart learned the ways of unselfish love.

To her, at first, her home itself was a place of wonder and enchantment—her home, to change and mold to her own ideals of beauty and convenience, to shape to the needs and the comfort of her family. Home was a broad field in which she could use her industry, her artistic talents, her practical skills, to the fullest extent. Every wall, every floor, every window, the doorways, the porches, all became places of interest. Her first carpet was gay in its varied colors, and it felt luxurious and soft to her feet. The chairs, which her husband made, and which she painted, were treasured objects that lasted a lifetime in her kitchen. The corner cupboard, where she placed the set of dishes which had been in her mother's family for generations, became a lasting joy. Sometimes she would stand quietly for a few minutes looking at the dishes and enjoying them, thinking about the other homes in strange lands that had been made beautiful by those same dishes.

In her relationships with her husband and children, she found that as she gained understanding to look at life also through their eyes, her own world became broader.

Once, as she read from the New Testament aloud to her small son, she saw the words of Jesus in a greater radiance, and she felt that she had entered into that hallowed place—the world of a child—and had shared an innocent, all-trusting faith with her small son.

And one day, when she was old, and it was autumn, she came into the living room carrying an armful of bright, yellow marigolds, and saw her husband sitting by the fireplace with his head bowed on his hands. Then it seemed that all her life with him passed in review, and she realized that her love had grown so

deeply with the years that she could never be separated from his nearness while she lived upon the earth, even though she might be denied his companionship in the interim between their times of passing—and that, afterwards, they would be together in eternity.

Although she was known as a "homebody," this woman reached out to accept all the blessings that community life could give her, and she gave freely of her own gifts. She could not sing nor play the organ, but she could read well, and much of the poetry and literature familiar to the people of the town had come to them in the rich and sensitive voice of this woman who treasured books because they were links between the great thoughts and deeds of the past and the dreams of the unknown tomorrow.

Once, for a Fourth of July celebration, the people of the town erected a liberty pole and placed the flag of the United States upon it. This woman read the Declaration of Independence as her part on the program—and after that she knew the contents of that great document—and others remembered also.

She had never thought of her life as narrow or restricted, for each day she saw before her more opportunities than she could ever explore, more beauty than she could ever fully appreciate, more people than she could ever serve as she wished to serve them. And, more than all of this, she saw earth life as part of a great cycle, and she felt close to her pre-existence and near to the aftertime.

In the wide, unbounded realm of the spirit, there are no limitations, no barriers save only those which the spirit itself establishes. For the reaching, growing, eternal spirit, there is no narrow room.

—V. P. C.

* * * *

Landholder

Marian Schroder Crothers

He knew each field,
And from his house could look across the waving wheat
That grew knee-deep in spreading green.
He named each one:
The North Field, Barn Field, and the Coulee Piece;
The Little Hay Field.
These were familiar as are streets to city folks.
He met the challenge of the soil;
With silver plowshare turned the rich, warm earth,
And in his steady, patient way,
Watched changing seasons come and go.
He felt abiding oneness with the land;
In this close kinship,
Found deepest joy that he could know.

A Message In Action

Maggie Tolman Porter

SARA Matthews walked briskly the three blocks to meet her Relief Society visiting teacher companion, Sister Reva Norris, who had called earlier and made the appointment that morning.

"How long have I kept you waiting?" panted Sara, as she came up to their appointed meeting place.

"Only a few minutes. I've just caught up with my breath. I was afraid you'd be waiting for me," laughed Sister Norris.

"If it weren't for one place," said Sara Matthews as they both lingered in the shade of the elm tree, "I would enjoy these visits immensely."

"Meaning where?" queried her companion, knowing very well what the answer would be, for she, too, dreaded that certain visit.

"Sister Allen's, of course. She has resented our visits ever since Brother Allen met his death in that terrible car accident."

"I know," answered Sara. "Last time she was worse than the month before. I wonder if it could be anything personal."

"No, I don't think it could be *that*. I've heard she treats everyone who visits her the same, cool way. Remember, last time she didn't even turn down the radio."

"And she left the room when you were giving the message, and . . . ."

"Yes, but her children were quarreling and fussing like a battle royal was going on. Perhaps she could not come back. We never waited to see if she would return."

"Perhaps we left too soon," regretted Sara.

"Considering it all," explained the older Sister Norris, "I think we should give her credit for any doubts and have a little more faith that the Lord will help us."

"I've heard she refuses any and all offers of help or friendship. I wonder . . . ."

"Yes, I wonder, too, just how many have really offered her comfort or assistance. I'm ashamed to admit I've never called on her, only as a Relief Society visiting teacher. I've never visited her as a neighbor and friend. Have you?"

"Just once. It was before the funeral. She was very bitter. She felt that a just God would not deprive them of all that life held dear, not while they were all striving to serve him. It was hard to reason with her about her sorrow. I think she still feels the same way," remarked Sister Norris as they leisurely went on their way.

"Let's go there first this time, and get it over. Then we will enjoy the rest of our visits," commented Sister Matthews.

"I doubt if this is the proper attitude for us, if we expect the Lord to help us. I made a special prayer for Sister Allen before I left home. I . . . ."

"So did I, and just now I have pleaded in my heart that he will prepare her to receive our message. It's so wonderful today."

THEY paused a moment at Sister Allen's gate. A bed of scarlet zinnias was wilting in the hot August sunshine.

"Do you remember last May when we made our visit, Brother and Sister Allen were planting that very bed? He told us it was scarlet zinnias."

"Yes, and when we came in June he was gone. It must be terrible to have one's companion and father of three small children taken so suddenly."

"There was such a small insurance. I doubt if after the expenses of the funeral were paid she had much left. Little we know how she really feels . . . poor little mother!" Sister Matthews sighed as she opened the little gate. The lawn needed mowing and watering, they noticed, as they stepped upon the shady porch.

"Remember, it's your turn," whispered Sister Matthews.

"Yes, I know," and Sister Norris knocked gently on the front door. There was no answer. However, they could hear voices in the back part of the house.

"It would be easy to report *not at home* and go on to the next place," suggested Sister Matthews timidly.

"After asking the Lord to help and prepare the way for us? Oh, no, Sister Matthews. We're going to deliver our message somehow. I just don't know . . . ."

"You are right," Sara agreed, quickly.

Slowly they walked around to the back of the house. At the open kitchen door they saw the situation at a glance. The mother was holding a sick baby under her arm, while she tried to wring clothes. The two older children, Billy—age nine—and Sue—age seven—were trying to feed the clothes into the wringer.

"Children, please. I'll do it! I'm afraid you'll . . . ."

A gentle knock at the screen brought the family to attention. "Oh, it's you ladies! Will you please excuse me? You can see I have a sick baby. He's cried almost continually for two days and nights. I have no clean clothes for him and I just have to put out this wash."

Sister Norris and Sara walked on in without an invitation.

"Come, dear," said the older sister kindly. "Let me look at little Timmie. I have reared nine babies, and I've learned quite a bit about their illnesses."

Sister Norris decided the trouble might be an earache. She knew the doctor was out of town.

"You might try applying moist heat to his ear," she suggested.

After a few minutes the tired little sufferer settled down and fell asleep.

The worn-out mother watched Sister Norris as she put down the baby. Her eyes, too, were heavy for sleep.

"Come with me, Sister Allen. You must get some sleep while little Timmie is asleep. You are as worn out as he is. You . . . ."

"Oh, no," Sister Allen refused quickly, "I have to get these peaches put up and the clothes finished while he rests. I've not . . . ."

"Don't you worry, but lie down right here beside him. We will help you some way. You just for-

get it all and rest," Sister Norris insisted, kindly.

The tired mother was almost asleep when Sister Matthews entered the room, a little later. "What kind of syrup do you want for the peaches, Sister Allen?"

"Just like you'd make if they were yours," she answered drowsily.

* * * *

"WE had better call the president, Sister Hatch," Sara suggested when she had closed the bedroom door. "She will tell us what to do. There is a lot of help needed."

Besides the large, unfinished washing to do and the bushel of peaches to be canned, there were a table and sink filled with unwashed dishes, a part of last week's ironing to be done, and a tub of fruit jars to be washed and sterilized.

"Sister Hatch has asked two of the neighbors to come and help for an hour or two," Sara reported in a few minutes. "They are faithful Relief Society workers and said they would be glad to lend a hand. I told her we would stay and help, too, and finish our visits another day."

A few minutes later Sister Scott and Sister Jones were added to the force. The children stood spellbound. They had never seen work disappear like that before.

Sister Norris, noticing them, beckoned Sister Scott aside, then to the children she said, "I'm sure you dear children want to do something to help in this surprise for Mama, don't you?"

"Sure we do," answered Billy. "We want to do anything we can. We know how tired our Mom is."

"Me, too," chimed Sue. "I like to work."

"Sister Scott says she has a nice, new lawn mower. Do you think you are big enough to mow your lawn?" asked Sister Norris.

"I sure am!" answered Billy as he straightened up with a boyish swagger.

"You will find it in our garage, help yourself," smiled Sister Scott.

"I can turn the water on Daddy's zinnias, I know better than to sprinkle them in this hot sun," chimed in Sue as she ran for the hose.

IN a few minutes she returned, her little face all aglow. "I can wash fruit jars, too, Sister Norris. My hand is just the right size for the jars."

"Of course you can," smiled Sister Matthews as she put the last sparkling dish in the cupboard. "I'll fix you a nice suds and we'll have that tub of jars ready in a jiffy."

"I'm ashamed the way I've neglected Sister Allen," mused Sister Scott. "I called at the time of her trouble, but she seemed to resent my intrusion. I just put off calling. If I had known about her sick baby I'd have been too glad . . . ."

"The same with me," interrupted Sister Jones. "It's so easy to put off something like this, expecting each day you will do it. I guess our chances to be angels—I mean *ministering angels*—come and we just let those chances slip by. I'm so glad Sister Hatch asked me. I told her I would keep an eye on Sister Allen for her."

As the last jar of golden peaches was put on the table, another neighbor, Sister Martin, walked in with a basket of sandwiches and a pitcher of ice-cold lemonade. "I see you have most of the work done," she commented, as she surveyed the orderly kitchen. "I saw you working from my window and thought you'd be hungry."

"We haven't had time to think of eating, but — I'm starving," laughed Sister Norris.

"I'll bet the children are famished, too," Sara decided, calling Sue and Billy in to help eat the sandwiches.

The afternoon wore on. Order had emerged from chaos. As they were finishing the last of the ironing, Sister Allen walked into her immaculate kitchen. She stood for a moment surveying it all, and her eyes welled with tears. "You must have been right, Sister Norris. Little Timmie seems much better."

She tried to keep back her tears, as her eyes traveled from one woman to another. "I guess I do have a lot to be thankful for, after all. I can never tell you what your help has meant to me today. But I guess I can show you hereafter. Please call again to see me. I need your friendship and want every one of you to spend an afternoon with me very soon."

The sun was nearly setting beyond the mountains as Sister Norris and Sara again came to their meeting place.

"Well, Sister Norris, we still have our Relief Society teaching to do. Just what did we do today?"

"That, Sister Matthews, was *A Message in Action.*"

* * * *

Far Echo

Pansye H. Powell

A hundred years from now someone will say,
"I wonder if she felt the same as I—
Loved to sit silent at the close of day
To watch red sunset dimming in the sky.
I wonder if she felt the faery power
Of love's enchantment, if she ever knew
The sorrow of a midnight's lonely hour,
Had long-kept memories from which she drew.
I wonder if she found life hard to bear
At times; she lived so long ago
When life was easy, though she had her share,
No doubt, of secret anguishes and woe."
So will she say, when I am long since dead,
For so of Great-grandmother I have said!

We Are Seven

Caroline Eyring Miner

A lovely, intelligent, golden-haired teen-age girl confided to me the other day, "I want a big family when I get married—we had five—that isn't enough—we just had one girl at that. I want five girls and five boys."

It was good to know that we still have Latter-day Saint girls with such dreams. And I said a silent prayer, "Make her dream come true, please, dear Lord. It would just be the irony of fate for a girl like that to be unfortunate enough not to have a family at all."

Too often, even among our Latter-day Saint girls, we find them planning for a family of two—one boy and one girl, or maybe two of each.

Father always said you had to have quantity to have quality. While I'm not sure that is entirely true, it is true that in a large family all must share in the work of the household, the money obtained must be divided and subdivided, and there usually is enough work, and only enough money to make good children. It's hard to spoil all nine or ten children in a large family. There just isn't enough pampering to go around.

According to our religious belief, we are responsible for rearing a good family—giving choice spirits an opportunity to possess mortal bodies. As mothers in Israel let us try to instill in the hearts of our daughters a sense of responsibility and joy in bearing children. "It's the best way to bring souls into the Church," said father in his terse way, "raise our own." And mother always said, "The Lord broadens your back to bear the burden of a large family, and lets you know all the joy of it."

The Tale of a Shirt

Mary R. Reynolds

This is the story of a shirt, in fact of two shirts, because father had discarded two of his as no longer wearable. There were also two little girls, Margaret and Mary, who needed new everyday dresses.

Mother decided there was plenty of good material in father's old shirts, so she got busy. One was a blue from her scrap bag. The other was a soft green chambray, which she trimmed in white. She used the patterns illustrated herewith, which were planned especially to utilize the pieces of a man's shirt, and Margaret and Mary are now wearing dresses of which they are very proud. You can see how really good-looking the results are.

To save work the buttoned front of a shirt was used to make the back buttoning of a dress. The plackets on the shirt sleeves make the pocket tops. Each dress was made entirely from one shirt. Why not try converting a shirt into a child's dress yourself?

—Reprinted by permission from *Farm Journal and Farmers Wife*, August 1942

BLOUSE BACK
SLEEVE
POCKET
BLOUSE FRONT
SKIRT BACK
CENTER FRONT
SKIRT FRONT
SIDE SEAM
DRESS BACK
BELT
DRESS SIDE FRONT
BODICE FRONT
SLEEVE
SKIRT FRONT
POCKET

Adventure in Glass

II—AMERICA MAKES GLASS

Alberta H. Christensen
Member, General Board of Relief Society

THE courageous settlers of our Northeastern Coast, who had in their homeland been somewhat familiar with the beauty and use of glass, probably considered it impractical to hazard such fragile articles in a crowded sailing vessel. Indeed, there was no need for such in the early days of life in the New World; the wigwam, cave, sod hut, and early clapboard houses required sturdy durable equipment and simple utensils.

Window glass became an acute need, but was very difficult to obtain as late as 1700. Newcomers were advised to bring their windowpanes with them, unless they desired to content themselves with oiled paper or sliding panels, which were the usual substitutes. It is stated that in certain parts of Maine in 1745 there was not a single house with a pane of glass in it. We also read, though it seems incredible when we think of the multiple uses of glass today, that men were born, lived, and died in the areas which now constitute the states of Maine, Vermont, Virginia, and the Carolinas, who had seldom, if ever, seen the substance called glass, and had never themselves used it. Glass is not often mentioned in documents relating to life in the Colonies in the seventeenth century.

Though this be true, glass was actually being made in America in a few isolated glasshouses, and it is an interesting fact that the very first industry to be undertaken in the Colonies was that of making glass. It is also interesting to know that, although the need for windowpanes and household utensils was so great, our first glass was not blown for local requirements, but for export.

The first attempt at glassmaking in the New World was in the little colony of Jamestown. An unlimited supply of fuel from the forests, and sand to be had for the taking, induced John Smith and the settlers to erect a building for the making of glass. Their intention was to export the product to England and thereby lure immigrant workmen to the newly settled land. With the second group of arrivals (1608) were eight Dutch and Polish glassmen, and the following year samples of the product were shipped, with furs and tar, to the mother country. But these Jamestown colonists, with a "preponderance of non-working gentlemen," were not an ambitious lot, and the venture was short-lived, the building soon falling into decay. What this first American glass was like is a matter of conjecture, but it is probable that the only products were bottles of dark glass.

A few years later the glassmaking interest was revived by the London Company, and a second glasshouse was constructed. This Jamestown

factory was to make beads for trade with the Indians, six Italian glass blowers being sent over for the purpose. Bottles and windowpanes were probably also made in this short-lived venture.

THE second glassmaking project takes us to Salem, Massachusetts, in the year 1639. No record of the activities of this glasshouse has come to light, but fragments of dark-greenish glass have been found near the wall that once bounded the property of what was for years called, "Glasshouse Field."

Before 1664, during the Dutch occupation of New York, Jan Smedes ran a glassworks on what is now Wall Street. A glassmaking venture was also mentioned by William Penn in a letter of 1683, but it was apparently short-lived. So we have our pioneer attempts at glassmaking taking place in Jamestown, Salem, New York, and Philadelphia and, although we know nothing definite about the output of these four pioneer houses, we may safely assume that it was limited to window glass and to bottles.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
New York City

MORTAR AND PESTLE
(amber and green)

South Jersey Type, possibly
Wistarberg
Eighteenth Century

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
New York City

OLIVE-GREEN BOWL WITH
BALL COVER

South Jersey Type
Eighteenth Century

The first successful glassworks was established in Salem, New Jersey, by Casper Wistar, a German immigrant who came to this country in 1717, and who was the forerunner of hundreds of Germanic glassblowers who contributed to the success of American glassmaking in the eighteenth century. Wistar, who was manufacturing brass buttons in Philadelphia, decided to make glass, probably as a business venture. Since he himself knew

nothing about the art, he imported four glass experts from Rotterdam. The Wistarberg glassworks, carried on by his son Richard, ran continuously for a period of forty years. Twenty-five years ago practically all early glass found in this area was attributed to this factory, and yet, except for two newspaper advertisements listing such commercial products as window glass, bottles, and the like, we can only speculate on the glass the Wistars produced.

We must not forget that the glass blowers had the right to use the fag end of the pot to blow useful and ornamental objects for their own households or for friends. They were the designers as well as the craftsmen, and they formed pieces as fancy dictated. It is in these off-hand pieces blown at Wistar that the so-called "South Jersey tradition" originated. It was carried on by glasshouses immediately following, some of which were manned by former Wistar workmen. No matter how delicate or graceful in shape or decoration these articles were, there was about them a quality of sturdiness, rather than fragility. For this reason the glass in the South Jersey tradition has the distinctive characteristic of individuality and a peasant quality associated with folk art.

THE credit for introducing flint (lead) glass in America has usually been given to Henry William Stiegel, who was born in Cologne, Germany, and arrived in Philadelphia in 1750. He is reputed to have produced the first clear and colored tableware in competition with Continental and English markets, and because of certain personal characteristics, many romantic, colorful legends have grown up around him and his glassmaking career.

Self-reliant and aggressive, Stiegel found work at a pioneer ironworks owned by Jacob Huber. Two years later he married Huber's daughter Elizabeth, acquiring an interest in the business which he operated after Huber's death. It is perhaps by strange coincidence that not only was Stiegel's mother named Elizabeth, but his first wife, his glass furnace, and his second wife were also named Elizabeth.

Stiegel was ambitious; in 1763 he built a glasshouse at Elizabeth Furnace, Pennsylvania, making bottles and window glass. With the bottleworks established, he built another glasshouse at Manheim, Pennsylvania. It was his dream to produce glass comparable to the finest Continental ware, so, borrowing money on every hand, he sailed for Europe. He studied in London and Bristol, every phase of the glass business, and we find among the expert glassmen Stiegel induced to come to his Manheim factory, English, German, and Italian workmen —one hundred and thirty men trained in the best glassmaking traditions of the Continent.

Stiegel succeeded in his ambition to produce glass of quality, and those pieces which are identified with his factory are prized possessions. It is thought that his molded ware of English type was made of flint metal by his English workmen, while his continental style engraved and enameled ware

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
New York City

STIEGEL TYPE FLIP
(drinking glass)
Enameled in Colors
Eighteenth Century

was of the soda-lime glass, with which his German workmen were familiar.

Business flourished at Manheim, but prosperity went to the head of William Stiegel. An apparent "illusion of grandeur" caused him to indulge in great extravagances. He built for himself a mansion and a castle and furnished each lavishly. He was called "Baron," traveled in a coach and four, and his goings and comings were announced by the firing of a cannon.

Although Stiegel was interested in the personal welfare of his workmen and their families, and even in the religious and musical training of their children, his extravagances led to disapproval and an entanglement of debt. He finally became bankrupt and was imprisoned. Shorn of all his earthly splendor, William Stiegel, who gave America its first impetus toward perfection in glass, died penniless in 1785.

THOUGH Stiegel's are the earliest table and ornamental wares of which there is any definite knowledge, they are so similar to their English and German prototypes that positive identification is often impossible. Students prefer to speak of the Stiegel tradition, which is the antithesis of the South Jersey. In Stiegel ware we have skills standardized to conform to commercial requirements. Both

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
New York City

SMALL ENGRAVED DRINKING GLASS
Stiegel Type
Eighteenth Century

lead and soda-lime glass were used. Shapes were expertly formed and more sophisticated. Both clear and colored glass were made, the colored metal being in shades of rich blues, purples, amethysts, and, rarely, emerald green.

Lists of items made at Manheim include all the table articles in vogue during the period: decanters with ball stoppers, flips, mugs, wine glasses, tumblers, sugar bowls, cruets, smelling and scent bottles. The clear glass is frequently of a beautiful quality, with a texture rarely equaled even in English lead glass, and was often decorated by engraving or enameling.

The Stiegel engraved work was done on thin blown glass and left unpolished, in contrast to foreign engraving. Characteristic designs are the tulip, baskets of flowers, sunburst with birds, rows of dots, and latticework borders. Painting with vitrified enamels, similar to work done in Germany, Switzerland, and France, was done in six brilliant opaque colors. The designs were often of a floral nature with a central figure, such as a woman in a boat, a dog, a bird, or a building with a steeple, and they appeared on such articles as mugs, tumblers, and bottles.

Stiegel gave us our first decorative tableware, his product reflecting the influence of both England and Germany. In the nineteenth century the Stiegel tradition and techniques were carried westward and there developed into richer and more typically American forms.

* * * *

Sudden Flight

Vesta N. Lukei

Below this grain-gold hilltop where I stand
The canyon valley overflows with green
Of citrus groves that climb the sloping land
And stretch slim, reaching fingers up between
The arid sun-baked backs of rock-ribbed hills
The valley's quietude and mine are one
Until a haunting faroff whistle spills
Its harmonies where silver train tracks run

Then, arrow-swift, the train speeds into sight,
And I who stand as rooted to this land
As any tree, know suddenly the flight
Of wild birds winging, spirits lifting, and
The surge of throbbing blood in every vein—
And, oh, my quickened heart pursues the train!

Alcoholism, in the majority of cases, has many basic social roots. The best way to "cure" it is to prevent it. The way to prevent it is to stop the use of alcohol as a beverage. . . . "Teaching moderation" won't do it, and we know this because it never has done it—teaching abstinence will help.

—From *The Clipsheet*

Uncertain Possession

Chapter 7

Beatrice R. Parsons

Synopsis: Lorna Ashton, an orphan, who has no home of her own and has lived with a cousin, marries Dr. Matthew Wire and goes to live in Westfield, Nevada. She is afraid that Matthew's relatives and friends, and even his patients, will continue to mean so much to him that he will never be wholly hers. However, she gradually finds a place for herself in the community and in the affections of Uncle John, Nurse Hallie, and Carole, a little neighbor girl. She becomes acquainted with Jim Nason, an eccentric man, who has been asked to help financially in building a much-needed hospital for Sky Valley. Two small china kittens which Lorna has treasured since childhood have become to her a symbol of possession, and she finally gives them to Carole, and feels that she is becoming more willing to share herself and her husband with others. When Lorna finally meets Margaret Benson, an invalid, and a dear friend of Matthew's, she regrets her attitude of indifference and makes an effort to be friendly and helpful.

DURING the following month, Lorna and Margaret became fast friends. It was easy for Lorna to know just how Matt had grown so fond of Margaret. She was a fine person, intelligent, thoughtful, kind. She never complained, though there was a quiet, waiting look in her beautiful eyes that told Lorna that she knew how very ill she was. Lorna was glad that Hallie had showed her the truth about Matt and Margaret.

She was glad that Hallie had taken her to see Helen Barker. Lorna tried to feel different about Matt. She loved him deeply. But she tried to curb the possessiveness that tugged at her soul. She knew her husband well. He was the sort of man who must share himself with others.

Lorna was learning that her own share of Matt was something no one else could ever own, yet she still kept dreaming of going home. Uncle John was much better. He was gathering up his practice, becoming more and more able to attend the ill of Westfield. Lorna felt that soon—she hoped very soon—they'd be leaving Westfield. Uncle John had long ago told her that he would be glad to take the old stone house off their hands.

But Matt was still reluctant to part with it. It held so many memories for him. Often, when he and Lorna were alone, he would reminisce. The stories he told made her laugh, sometimes, and want to weep for the little boy who had gotten into so many scrapes. Lately, she'd been hoping for a little boy of her own. An active, blue-eyed child like Matt.

Ever since she had fainted over Carole's cut, she had hoped stronger than ever. But she hadn't said anything to Matt, wanting to be very, very sure before she awoke hopes and plans in his heart. As soon as she was sure, she would tell him. And Hallie, and Uncle John.

She had grown to love them almost as much as Matt did. They were growing to be more and more

her own family, just as they were Matt's. Yet she didn't consciously tell herself this, or tell Matt. To her this knowledge was like a rose in bud. She was only partly conscious of how her life was twining itself into Hallie's and Uncle John's. It was only at rare intervals that the thought crossed her mind. Then she rejected it, knowing that her only hope was to go back, have Matt more and more to herself as his duties as a doctor lessened. Back home Matt would not have the responsibility which he had in Westfield. There would be plenty of doctors to consult with, and a big hospital where patients would have all the advantages of modern medicine and surgery.

Uncle John and Matt still dreamed of a hospital for Sky Valley. Once, speaking of old Jim Nason, Uncle John gave Lorna a merry glance.

"You made quite a hit with the old man, Lorna," he said, with a twinkle in his eye. "He told me the other day that you were the only female who ever stood up to him, spoke her mind. He hinted that if he had ever thought of giving a hospital, instead of a statue, to Westfield, he'd want to talk his plans over with you. He said you were, to quote him, 'as pretty as a magazine cover, and twice as sensible.'" Uncle John sighed, and his eyes were dreamy. "I hope he does talk plans with you, someday."

Lorna was astonished. "But we were at each other's throats like a couple of wild cats," she laughed, protestingly. "He let me know that he didn't like me. And I certainly didn't hide the fact that I thought he was being mean to Matt, and everyone else in Westfield."

Uncle John laughed, and winked at Hallie, who, starched and stiff-shouldered, leaned over a microscope, closing one eye to see. Almost as though he were speaking for Hallie's ears alone, he murmured: "Did you hear her, Hallie? That time she said *Westfield*, as though it, and the people in it, were important to her, too."

He was teasing, of course, and Lorna flushed hotly. As she left the office, she told herself, impatiently, that she didn't really care about Westfield. All she cared about was having Matt close to her side.

He came home for a late lunch, looking worn and wearied. Lorna felt, serving him a salad and crisp roll under the lavender sweetpea vines, that there was nothing in the world she wanted more than to rub away the worried, tired wrinkles in his brow. Another polio case had kept him busy all morning.

As he poked at the pale green lettuce in the brown salad bowl with his fork, and stared worriedly at nothing, he sighed deeply.

"We're going to need an iron lung. I telephoned Reno. They're sending it over immediately. Now if we only had our own lung, our own hospital . . . ."

His hands dropped wearily down, and when he began eating, it was as though he didn't quite know what Lorna had prepared. She wanted to make him forget, and spoke eagerly.

"Matt, have you forgotten! This

is our wedding anniversary. We've been married seven months." She looked across the top of her own brown salad bowl, and cried excitedly: "Matt, let's celebrate. Let's go dancing. I'll wear my blue frock. We'll forget everything--Westfield, sick people, everything! We'll be together—just the two of us—recapturing some of the wonder of our wedding day."

Matt's eyes were shining as she finished, and his mouth was curved in a tender smile. He reached across the little rustic table and touched her hand. There was love in the touch, and gentleness, and a swift eagerness to know again those beautiful hours that made his worry and tiredness fly away.

"We'll do it," he declared smilingly. "Uncle John and Hallie can take over. We'll go dancing. We'll look into each other's eyes. You'll wear the blue frock. And for a few hours we'll be glad, gay, and a little mad with happiness."

He finished his salad hurriedly, and promised that he would quit early, so that they would have plenty of time to dress, and drive over to the lake. As he dropped a light kiss on her forehead, he added with a twinkling little grin: "There's a full moon tonight, darling. Just for us."

LORNA knew he was remembering what she had said about dancing under a brilliant platter of a moon, while desert breezes wafted desert perfumes all about them, and a wondrous desert night give them back their lovely dreams.

Lorna was pressing the blue frock when Carole came to the screen and rapped eagerly. She had her little china kittens all tucked into a pink blanket, and she set them carefully on a chair as she perched on a hassock and talked to Lorna. Her face was clean-scrubbed, her cotton frock neat and clean, her brown braids smooth and tied with ribbons to match her dress. She let her eyes widen as she surveyed the billowy net skirt that Lorna was pressing.

"What a beaut'ful dress, Lorna. The prettiest I've ever seen. Are you wearing it to the party tonight?"

Lorna set the iron upright and asked with interest: "What party, Carole?"

"It's one for Netty Stevens. She's going to marry a soldier she met—one from Korea. He's going back, and Netty's going as far as California to wait till he comes back." She smoothed her short skirt, and sighed: "The Stevens' are quite poor. There are six children besides Netty. Her mother can't afford a pretty wedding dress for Netty. But Netty says she doesn't care a lot. Just as long as she can marry Bill and go through the temple, and . . ." Carole broke off, adding shortly: "The party is to give Netty some wedding gifts. She won't have many. But everyone will be there. Is that why you're pressing your pretty dress?"

Lorna shook her head, her eyes misty with happiness. "Dr. Matt and I are going dancing, Carole. I'm going to wear this dress tonight."

Carole sighed, relieved: "I was worrying that you were going to wear it to Netty's party. And it wouldn't do at all. It's too fancy.

The party's a barn dance. In the new barn Mr. Stevens has almost finished. Everyone will wear square-dance frocks, or blue jeans."

Lorna smiled. "I do believe I could spare a few sheets and a pair or two of pillow cases from my own trousseau," she said brightly. "Do you think you and your mother could take them over to the barn dance for me?"

Carole looked terribly disappointed. "Aren't you going, Lorna? Everyone will be expecting you. I'm sure Netty asked Dr. Matt to ask you. I heard her. Did he forgot to tell you?"

Lorna laughed, forgiving Matt. "He did forget, Carole. But it doesn't matter. It's our seventh monthly wedding anniversary. We are going to our own party."

When Carole was gone, Lorna hung the lovely, swirling frock on a hanger, and went to find the soft, new sheets she wanted to send to Netty. She wrapped them carefully in pale pink tissue paper, and made a great, fluffy ribbon knot on the top of the package. Matt told her it was kind of her to want to share her nice things with Netty, and kissed her lightly before he began to dress. Lorna dressed, too, slipping into her gay, cotton housecoat while she brushed out her gleaming curls.

CAROLE ran across for the package, looking cute and old-fashioned in her long, gathered yellow cotton frock, a replica, she told them, of one her mother was to wear. She eyed Lorna eagerly.

"Have you changed your mind? Are you coming, too?"

Lorna shook her head. But Matt, adjusting his tie, spoke almost lazily. "Why not, darling? We can go dancing some other time. There will be a lot of people at the party who want to meet you . . . ."

"Matt!" Lorna's voice was sharp with disappointment. "You promised."

He spoke soothingly: "I promised, and we'll go dancing if you want to, darling. But we've all the rest of our lives to celebrate our own wedding anniversaries. We ought to help Netty celebrate hers first." He added thoughtfully: "She'll be so disappointed if we aren't there. She told me she wanted us, especially, when she invited us." He looked a little guilty, and finished quickly: "Lorna, I forgot to tell you I'm ashamed."

She told him it didn't matter. She was disappointed that he wanted to go to Netty's when he could have been alone with her. That old, possessive feeling swept over her, and she bit her lip to keep it from trembling.

Carole, the pretty package in her arms, started for the door, then turned and said casually to Matt: "Margaret won't be there, either. Her aunt telephoned Netty. Margaret's had another attack."

Matt's shoulders straightened, and deep worry tugged at his brows. "She's been overdoing again. I told her she musn't give so much of herself to others. But she insisted she was all right, and went to see that new polio patient."

He seemed to have forgotten the dance, Netty's party, everything, as he picked up his bag. His voice was urgent, and apologetic all at once. "I'll be right back, Lorna.

We'll go dancing. But there may be something I can do . . . ."

The door slammed sharply behind Matt, and Lorna stood there, her face a little pale, her gray eyes strained, staring after him. The blue dress, on its hanger, stirred gently in the breeze that came through the opened window, and its rustling crept into Lorna's mind.

SHE stared at it with hot, angry eyes. It seemed that every time she planned anything very special with Matt, something happened. Something intruded! If only she could speak loudly, as she had in the car, and send these instructions away as she had seemed to send the hawk away. Tears of anger and bitterness flowed down her cheeks. She didn't care, now, whether she and Matt went dancing or not. The lovely evening she had planned was spoiled anyway. She glanced at the beautiful blue dress, and spoke heatedly.

"I'll talk with Matt tomorrow! I'll have it out with him. He'll have to realize that we never have an instant for our very own selves. He'll have to see that we can't go on like this. I'll make him know that we must leave here . . . ."

Her hot little harangue was interrupted by a knock at the door. At first she thought it was Matt, then she saw Hallie, all dressed up in a long, green cotton square-dance frock, coming into the room. Hallie, who evidently had heard Lorna's voice, looked about for Matt.

"Thought I heard you talking to him." she said, glancing about, speaking in a curious tone when she found he wasn't there.

Lorna flushed hotly and confessed, "Matt ran over to look in on Margaret. She's not well. We were going dancing. I was going to wear my blue frock, and . . . ."

Hallie was inspecting it with critical eyes. "It's very lovely, Lorna. A frock for any young woman to wear. Now if only Netty had something like that . . . ."

"She can have it," said Lorna almost spitefully, jerking it off its hanger, and handing it to Hallie. Her voice was almost hysterical as she cried: "Let her have it. It doesn't matter. Matt's already forgotten what that frock means to me . . . ."

"He hasn't forgotten, Lorna." Across the swirling folds of the blue net, Hallie's faded eyes were stern and accusing. "It's you who has forgotten, Lorna. Only you! . . . ." She put the dress hurriedly back on its hanger, saying firmly: "Wear it. Lorna. When Matt comes back. Wear it, yourself, and recapture all those hours that you had Matt all to yourself . . . ."

As though she had said more, much more, than she had meant to say, Hallie went swiftly from the room, her long skirt flapping unaccustomedly about her ankles. Lorna heard her going towards the garage to get Uncle John's car.

For a long time Lorna stood there staring at the dress, seeing it in all its sheer, filmy loveliness, thinking of everything it had meant to her when she wore it for Matt.

All at once—not pausing to pursue the matter to its conclusion—she picked the frock up in her arms and ran to intercept the backing car.

(Continued on page 493)

By Early Candlelight

Home—Unknown

Bonnie A. Kesler

Illustration by the Author

IT was the first week in February, 1846, when Annie found herself knee-deep in packing. Orders to move had come unexpectedly early. She had hoped it would be spring before they left Nauvoo, when traveling would be much easier, but now, instead of having time to collect the goods they originally planned, she and her husband Hyrum must start for the West with only their one wagonload, one yoke of oxen, one cow, a tent, and a gun.

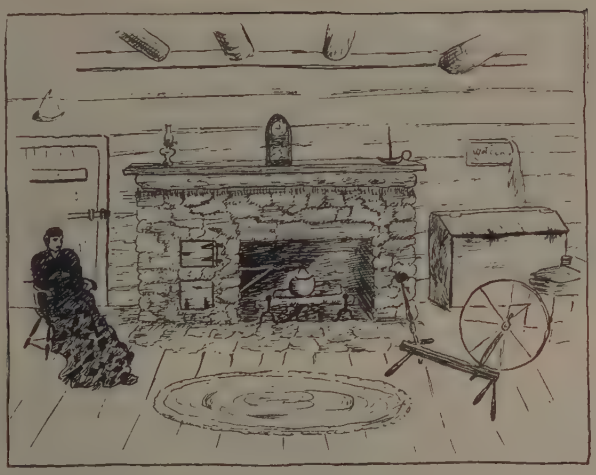
They would leave in three days—the date was set for February 6, at five in the morning. Hyrum was choosing the farm tools, seeds, a water barrel, and the animals. Annie must collect the bedding, cooking utensils, and small barrels for the food.

In selecting things, she knew that one thing which she would not leave behind was a little stove given to them as a wedding gift by her parents when they lived in New York. It was just seventeen inches high and could be used in the covered wagon for cooking and heating whenever the weather would be too severe to cook on the open bonfire. Hyrum had made a chimney, which stuck out of a neat hole in the canvas top of the wagon.

There were other items to choose among. In the corner stood a large wooden flour box which Hyrum had made in his spare moments. In it she decided to place a patch quilt that she and her neighbors had sewn at a quilting bee; each block was made from the dress of a friend, and each friend had embroidered her first name and the date on her block. Into the folds of the quilt she tucked several pieces of ironstone china that her mother had brought from Wales, and an Irish linen tablecloth which Hyrum's mother had given them just before their third child was born. So it would not become bent, she carefully packed a candlemold, which she had bought with money earned from selling duck feathers. It was a specialty prized mold because twelve candles could be made at once.

As Annie picked up her mending again, she raised her eyes to the newly whitewashed wall, and the gold frame of a picture caught her attention in the flickering light. Yes, that picture must go, too. It was of her and Hyrum on their wedding day. Annie lifted the picture from the wall, dusted the top, and between the folds of the linen cloth the beloved picture took its place.

There had been many hurried gatherings to decide who should leave first and who should leave later. For the good of all, everyone was making his precious contribution: the farmer, his homemade plows, the blacksmith, much-needed tools, the carpenter, the mason, and



the cooper, who made and repaired casks and barrels. The women were contributing their spinning, weaving, soap, and sewing.

Finally, for Annie and Hyrum, most of the packing was finished. Annie knew that late in the evening Hyrum would be busy with his bootmaking, his last big job. Later, as the open fire and candlelight glowed in the quiet room, Hyrum put sides and buttons on the boots while Annie did the fine stitching. Finally, he held the shoe last up and gazed at it fixedly. A deep frown came across his face. Why, there would hardly be space for even a small article like that in the wagon, he thought, and yet it would be in great demand with the hundreds of miles of walking ahead of them. Putting the last back on his stand, he decided to take it with them.

Those last three days passed swiftly, and all too soon Annie and Hyrum were spending their last night together in their comfortable home. At three o'clock the next morning they were up and busy preparing to meet the large company at the west end of Dover Street. It was cold, and a fresh snow lay on the ground. The oxen seemed restless at being aroused so early. Wheels crunched on the frozen ground, and the wagon chains clinked and rattled in the early morning darkness.

Hyrum's form was barely visible by the heads of the oxen as he guided them down the road. Annie knew it would be a long road, and that it would be a hard road, but it was *their* road, with God's blessing; and they set their faces forward and they bade farewell to their beautiful, beloved Nauvoo.

Notes From The Field

General Secretary-Treasurer, Margaret C. Pickering

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Mae Matis

FINNISH MISSION RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE, TURKU, FINLAND

Dramatization of the Organization of the First Relief Society
March 17, 1952

Left to right: Elli Heinonen as Sarah Kimball; Goth Lindenius as Bathsheba Smith; Terttu Tuomi as Desdemona Fulmer; Sirkka-Liisa Kaapro as Elizabeth Whitney; Eeva Halonen (kneeling), representing a daughter of Sarah Cleveland; Helvi Vuorela as Sarah Cleveland; Elder Malcolm Asplund as Willard Richards; Elder Feral M. Finch as the Prophet Joseph Smith; Elder Ray C. Huffaker as John Taylor; Anja Hovland as Emma Smith; Toini Halonen as Eliza R. Snow; Tyttl Kilpinen as Sophia Packard; Raija Toytari as Margaret Cook.

Mae Matis, President of the Finnish Mission Relief Society, reports from her mission: "On the 17th of March anniversary we held our fourth Relief Society conference in Finland. Relief Society officers and teachers from all over the mission met together for a two-day conference. Seven different cities were represented, and we had a very profitable and enjoyable time together. The highlight of the conference was the dramatization of the organization of the first Relief Society in 1842. It was beautifully done, and the members and friends received a better understanding of the purposes of Relief Society work."

Photograph submitted by Edna Nelson

PALMYRA STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS FURNISH MUSIC FOR STAKE CONFERENCE AND FOR RELIEF SOCIETY CLOSING SOCIAL

Stake music director Isabell Rust is seated in the center of the front row, and the organist, Beatrice Davis, is seated on Sister Rust's left. Stake Relief Society President Twila Isaac is seated first at the left on the fourth row.

Choruses from all the wards of Palmyra Stake participated in the lovely singing given at the stake conference and the Relief Society closing social, and the numbers presented were well selected and beautifully rendered by the combined choruses.

Through the study of The Book of Mormon at the theology meetings, eighty-five copies of The Book of Mormon have been placed in homes.

Photograph submitted by Margaret W. Ririe.

TAYLOR STAKE (ALBERTA, CANADA), MAGRATH FIRST WARD VISITING TEACHERS ACHIEVE 100 PER CENT RECORD FOR SEVEN YEARS

An outstanding activity in Taylor Stake has been the remarkable record set in visiting teaching, especially in view of cold winter temperatures and the widely scattered Relief Society membership in some districts. Magrath First Ward visiting teachers have so diligently and faithfully performed their duties that their 100% record has been unbroken for seven years.

Margaret W. Ririe, President, Taylor Stake Relief Society, reports, also, that the Raymond Second Ward has had a visiting teaching record of 100 per cent for two years and three months.

Photograph submitted by Ethel M. Beckstrand

PALO ALTO STAKE, CALIFORNIA, PALO ALTO WARD SINGING MOTHERS PARTICIPATE IN WARD PROGRAMS, STAKE CONVENTION, AND RELIEF SOCIETY BIRTHDAY PARTY

Front row, left to right: Ilene Hatch; Ruth Bowen; Opal Millar; Lorna Holdaway; Doris Kelly; Peggy Grow; Fredone Nielson, director; Elaine Murray; Helen Reeves; Cleo Griffiths; Ruby Haight; Leila Gates; Inez Astin; Vivian Anderson.

Back row, left to right: Mildred Lindsey; Drucilla Irwin; Elizabeth Van Wagener; Gussie Rae Smith; Julie Nielson; June Felsch; Ruth Ballif; Barbara Bushnell; Janet Leonard; Joyce Anderson; Arlene Lyons; Mildred Hunt, accompanist.

These Singing Mothers were organized in the autumn of 1951 and have enjoyed a very happy and successful association as singers and as Relief Society sisters. All the wards in Palo Alto Stake participated in the music program given by the Singing Mothers on the occasion of the Relief Society birthday party, March 17, 1952.

Ethel M. Beckstrand is president of Palo Alto Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Betty Mortensen

UNIVERSITY STAKE (UTAH), STADIUM VILLAGE BRANCH HONORS VISITING TEACHERS AT LUNCHEON
February 4, 1952

Front row, seated: eighth from left, Shauna Larson, literature class leader.

Second row, seated: second from the left, Elaine Burton, organist; fourth from the left, Katheryn Wager, theology class leader; fifth from the left, Beverly Rowland, work meeting leader.

Third row, standing, left to right: fifth from the left, Gertrude Waterman, social science class leader; sixteenth from the left, Betty Mortensen, visiting teacher director; seventeenth, Donna Greybill, secretary; eighteenth, Patsy Kiser, First Counselor; Darlene Sheffield, President; LaVina Donaldson, Second Counselor.

The chorister, Carolyn Shumway, was not present when this photograph was taken.

Betty Mortensen, reports that this entertainment, which was held in the evening, consisted of a program, games, and refreshments. The Stadium Village Branch Relief Society is composed of young wives and mothers who greatly enjoy their Relief Society activities. They hold their regular meetings, as well as their special socials and entertainments, in the evenings, when their husbands, who are University students and instructors, can be at home to take care of the children. An excellent system has been worked out by these young women whereby they take care of each other in times of illness and assist each other in looking after the children, when it is necessary for a mother to be away from home during daytime hours. To these young women, Relief Society work is a blessing as well as a responsibility, and they feel that their activities in Relief Society are helping to make them better wives and mothers, as well as better members of their university community.

Fanny S. Kienitz is president of University Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Jane T. Richards

BRITISH MISSION, WELSH DISTRICT, CARDIFF BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY SINGING MOTHERS AND THEIR DAUGHTERS WHO FURNISHED THE MUSIC FOR DISTRICT CONFERENCE
March 23, 1952

Front row, left to right: Patricia Doidge; Marie Price; Hermione Ainsworth; Rose Doidge, Second Counselor.

Second row, left to right: Joan Corcoran; Muriel Thole, First Counselor; Sylvia Addinall; Cecila Edwards, President; Emily Allen; Marion Gelder.

Back row, left to right: Jane Thompson, chorister; Ruther Roberts: Doris Gwyther; June Cawley; Violet George; Diane George; Edith Robst; Edna Pearse.

This Relief Society, organized for only a year, has grown steadily in cultural, relief, and spiritual activities. From two members, it has grown to twenty active sisters who are in great demand as a chorus at all district functions.

Jane T. Richards is president of the British Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Elizabeth H. Zimmerman

WESTERN CANADIAN MISSION, EDMONTON (ALBERTA) BRANCH SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR RELIEF SOCIETY ANNIVERSARY PROGRAM, March 17, 1952

Amy Sykes, the chorister, stands third from the left in the back row, and the pianist, Ruby Walker, stands directly in front of Sister Sykes.

Brother Eldon Tanner, President, Edmonton Branch, stands at the left in front, and back of him, left to right are: Brother Vi Wood; Margaret Boone, Secretary; Enid Haas, work director counselor; Melba McMullin, President; Back of this group, at the left, are Brother Arthur McMullin, of the branch presidency, and Urinda Wood, education counselor.

Daffodils were used as decorations for this anniversary program, and the Relief Society women and the members of the Edmonton Branch presidency are wearing daffodil corsages and boutonnieres.

Sister Elizabeth H. Zimmerman, President, Western Canadian Mission Relief Society, reports that the Edmonton Branch is "fortunate in having a quantity and quality of talent from which to draw for direction in different lines, providing variation in activities and stimulating interest. There are usually about fifty members present at Relief Society meetings."

Photograph submitted by Renie H. Littlewood

SOUTH BOX ELDER STAKE (UTAH), WARD RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENCIES AND *MAGAZINE* REPRESENTATIVES HONORED FOR SUCCESS IN THREE-YEAR PLAN

Front row, left to right: Grace V. Price; Amy D. Larsen; Cora Quayle; Alice G. Jensen; Verl Anderson; Iva Lou Nebeker; Ora N. Anderson; De Rae Christensen.

Back row, left to right: Ezma L. Knudson, President, South Box Elder Stake Relief Society; Pearl Olsen; Oletha Meservy; Jane Bergstrom; Ruth G. Hirschi; Artie Sessions; Gladys White; Myrtle F. Clifford; Edith E. Baddley, Stake Counselor and *Magazine* representative; Renie H. Littlewood, Stake Secretary.

Sister Littlewood, in writing of the success of this plan, describes the method of organization and procedure: "Three years ago Sister Baddley and the ward *Magazine* representatives decided that if the North Box Elder Stake (there is a friendly rivalry between us) could make their quota of 100 per cent subscriptions, that the South Box Elder Stake could duplicate it. They determined to reach that goal in three years, or less, if possible. They planned an intensive campaign, with *Magazine* parties, quiz programs, menus, and other suggestions taken from the *Magazine*, so that the subject was kept constantly before the Relief Society women, and the *Magazine* representatives themselves. Three years ago we did not quite make the honor roll, then we advanced to just above honor-roll average, then up to 95 per cent, and this year to 106 per cent, and we are very proud of our wards that made this record in spite of a number of handicaps."

Ezma L. Knudson is president of South Box Elder Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Golden R. Buchanan

SOUTHWEST INDIAN MISSION, TOADLENA BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY SEWING DISPLAY

Left to right: Juanita Bitsilly; Sister Jack, and Elder William Jefferson Jack.

Included in this beautiful display of handwork and machine sewing done by the Indian women, are: aprons, pillowcases, cushions, a quilt, and many colorfully embroidered articles. All of the work shows careful workmanship and attention to fine details.

Thelma S. Buchanan is president of the Southwest Indian Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Rose Burner

HUMBOLDT STAKE (NEVADA), ELKO WARD "PAGEANT OF PRESIDENTS"
Representing Past and Present General Presidents of Relief Society and Ward Relief Society Presidents

Front row, left to right: Emma Bowers, President, Elko Ward Relief Society; Rose Burner, President, Humboldt Stake Relief Society; Doris Libro; Madeline Strong; Jenny Bell.

Back row, left to right: Eunice Trone, former president, Elko Ward Relief Society; Gladys Turner; Alice Schoenfeld; Gladys Jensen; Naida Stoddard.

Rose Burner is president of Humboldt Stake Relief Society.

Rosepetal Carpet

Mabel Jones Gabbott

Rosepetals carpet the lawn where I must mow;
But yesterday, it seems, in amber grace
They leaned upon the breeze, their fragrant gold
Freighting the boughs to earthward in this place

Once they outshone the sunset's brilliant ray.
Now they lie curled and crisp upon the grass.
Swiftly the knives cut green and gold away.
Only the fragrance lingers as I pass.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

Lesson 9—Preparation for the Journey

Elder Leland H. Monson

(Text: 1 Nephi, Chapters 1—16)

For Tuesday, October 7, 1952

Objective. To show that "if . . . the children of men keep the commandments of God he doth nourish them, and strengthen them, and provide means whereby they can accomplish the thing which he has commanded them" (I Nephi 17:3).

HAVING studied the life of Lehi, we are now ready to relate and examine the incidents connected with the preparation which Lehi made for the long and hazardous journey to the land of promise.

As a result of the vision in which Lehi saw a pillar of fire and was overcome by the spirit and shown many marvelous things, Lehi went among the Jews in Jerusalem, prophesying of the future appearance of the Messiah, and testifying of the wickedness and abominations of the Jews, and the destruction of Jerusalem, except the people repented.

The Jews were stirred to anger by Lehi's criticism and his prophecies, and therefore sought his life as they did the prophets before him.

But God protects his prophets until their missions are completed, though they may be called upon to suffer, as was Joseph Smith. Joseph, suffering in Liberty Jail, was told that "all these things shall give thee experience, and shall be for thy good" (D. & C. 122:7). Furthermore, he was instructed as follows. "For there is a time appointed for every man, according as his works shall be" (D. & C. 121:25). "Thy days are known, and thy years shall not be numbered less; therefore, fear not what man can do, for God shall be with you forever and forever" (D. & C. 122:9).

Nephi, recounting the events of his father's life, adopted much the same point of view:

> I . . . will show unto you that the tender mercies of the Lord are over all those whom he hath chosen, because of their faith, to make them mighty even unto the power of deliverance (I Nephi 1:20).

The Lord directed Lehi to take his family and depart into the wilderness. Lehi left his house and the land of his inheritance and, with his family, made a three days' journey into the wilderness, taking only provisions and tents. At the close of this period of travel, he

pitched his tent in a valley near the mouth of a river which emptied into the Red Sea. Here he built an altar of stones and made an offering unto the Lord and gave thanks.

The family of Lehi was comprised of Sariah, his wife, and Laman, Lemuel, Sam, and Nephi, his sons. In this valley Lehi was given instructions regarding the preparations to be made before continuing the journey.

The Brass Plates

Lehi had not been long in this valley of Lemuel, for so he named it, until Laman and Lemuel began to murmur against their father for his having taken them away from Jerusalem. But Nephi sought the Lord in faith and was told that they should be led to a land of promise. Lehi was instructed by the Lord, in a dream, to send his sons back to Jerusalem to get from Laban, a keeper of Jewish records, the record of the Jews, including a genealogy of their forefathers. This record was engraved on plates of brass (I Nephi 3:3).

Lehi went first to his two older sons and told them of the mission the Lord required at their hands. Disobedient and recalcitrant, these two boys murmured because of the difficulty of the task which had been assigned them. To Nephi, however, Lehi said, "Go, my son, and thou shalt be favored of the Lord, because thou hast not murmured."

Nephi answered this request:

> I will go and do the things which the Lord hath commanded, for I know that the Lord giveth no commandments unto the children of men, save he shall prepare a way for them that they may accomplish the thing which he commandeth them (I Nephi 3:7).

When Lehi heard the words of Nephi he was "exceeding glad," for he knew that Nephi had been blessed of the Lord.

Transmuting gospel principles into terms of daily living, Nephi grew up to be a natural leader, a man of God.

Having supplied themselves with necessary equipment and supplies, the four brothers set out for Jerusalem for the purpose of obtaining the brass plates. When they arrived at Jerusalem they consulted with each other and cast lots to see who should go into the house of Laban. The lot fell to Laman. Laman went into the house of Laban, the keeper of the records, and made known his desires to have the plates of brass. Laban was angry and thrust Laman out, accusing him of being a robber and threatening to slay him. Laman fled to his brothers and reported what had happened, and they were exceeding sorrowful.

Laman and Lemuel were about to return to their father, but Nephi sought to persuade them to continue their efforts to secure the brass plates, saying:

> As the Lord liveth, and as we live, we will not go down unto our father in the wilderness until we have accomplished the thing which the Lord hath commanded us" (I Nephi 3:15).

He then urged his brothers to be faithful in keeping the commandments of God:

> It is wisdom in God that we should obtain these records, that we may preserve unto our children the language of our fathers; And also that we may preserve unto them the words which have been spoken by the mouth of all the holy prophets . . . since the world began,

even down unto this present time (1 Nephi 3:19, 20).

As a means of obtaining the plates, Nephi suggested that they return to the land of their inheritance and gather together the gold, silver, and precious things which they had left behind, and offer them to Laban in exchange for the brass plates. This plan was followed, but they met with failure. Not only did Laban refuse the exchange, but also he robbed them of their wealth. The boys fled into the wilderness and hid themselves in the cavity of a rock.

Angered at Nephi and their father, Laman and Lemuel spoke many hard words and smote Nephi and Sam with a rod. As they smote them with a rod, an angel of the Lord came and stood before them saying:

> Why do ye smite your younger brother with a rod? Know ye not that the Lord hath chosen him to be a ruler over you, and this because of your iniquities? Behold ye shall go up to Jerusalem again, and the Lord will deliver Laban into your hands (I Nephi 3:29).

In spite of this divine manifestation, Laman and Lemuel continued to murmur, questioning how Laban could be delivered into their hands. Nephi sought to build their faith and to point out that the Lord was mightier than all the earth. When darkness fell about them, Nephi had them hide outside the city walls, while he stealthily crept into the city. He was led by the Spirit towards the house of Laban, not knowing beforehand the things he should do. As he came near the house, Nephi found Laban on the ground in a drunken stupor. He saw Laban's sword and drew it from the sheath. The hilt was of pure gold and the workmanship thereof was exceeding fine. The blade was made of "the most precious steel." Nephi wrote, "I was constrained by the Spirit that I should kill Laban, but . . . never at any time have I shed the blood of man. And I shrunk and would that I might not slay him" (1 Nephi 4:10).

However, the Spirit continued to tell Nephi to slay Laban, saying:

> Behold the Lord slayeth the wicked to bring forth his righteous purposes. It is better that one man should perish than that a nation should dwindle and perish in unbelief" (I Nephi 4:13).

Nephi then obeyed the voice of the Spirit and took Laban by the hair of the head and smote off his head with his own sword. Then Nephi dressed himself in Laban's clothes and armor, and went towards the treasury where the records were kept. In the voice of Laban, Nephi commmanded the servant who had the keys of the treasury, to give him the plates of brass and to follow him outside the walls of Jerusalem. The servant supposed Nephi to be Laban and did as instructed.

When the brothers saw Nephi dressed in the clothes and armor of Laban, and with his sword, they fled, for they thought it was Laban. After, however, Nephi called to them, they ceased to flee. Nephi, large in stature, and strong, seized the servant, Zoram, while he explained to him the purpose of their mission and promised they would spare his life and he would be a free man if he accompanied them.

Zoram agreed to go into the wilderness and tarry with them from that time forth. He took an oath to that effect, after which Nephi says, "our fears did cease concerning him" (I Nephi 4:37).

The faith and persistence of Nephi had resulted in their obtaining the brass plates. Then they returned to the tent of their father.

In the meantime, Sariah had complained against Lehi, saying that he was a visionary man. Lehi had comforted her, telling her that the Lord would deliver their sons from Laban. After the return of their sons, Sariah, with increased devotion, rejoiced with the others, and they offered sacrifices and burnt offerings unto the Lord in thankfulness.

From the brass plates, Lehi learned that he was a descendant of Joseph who was sold into Egypt, and as such was entitled to all of the blessings of Joseph, which were many. He also learned that the record contained the five books of Moses, which gave an account of the creation of the world and of Adam and Eve, and a record of the Jews from the beginning down to the commencement of the reign of Zedekiah, king of Judah. It also contained the prophecies of the holy prophets from the beginning down to the commencement of the reign of Zedekiah, and also many prophecies of Jeremiah.

Ishmael and His Family

But this was only part of the preparation for the journey. Lehi was also instructed of the Lord to send his sons back to Jerusalem to get the family of Ishmael. They gained favor in the sight of Ishmael, and he and his family took their journey down unto the wilderness with the brothers to the tent of Lehi.

On their journey, Laman and Lemuel, and two of the daughters of Ishmael, and the two sons of Ishmael and their families, rebelled against the others. Nephi chided his brethren and tried to increase their faith by revealing to them the great blessings of the Lord, but in vain. Because of their anger, they bound Nephi with cords, and planned to leave him in the wilderness to be devoured by wild beasts (Hugh Nibley, "Lehi in the Desert," *Improvement Era*, March, 1950, p. 201).

Nephi prayed that according to his faith in the Lord he might be given strength to burst the bonds. The bonds were loosed from his hands and feet, and Nephi stood before his brethren a free man. They were determined to bind him again, but their hearts were softened by the pleadings of one of the daughters of Ishmael, her mother, and a son of Ishmael. The brethren were sorrowful because of their wickedness, and bowed down before Nephi and pleaded for forgiveness which he frankly gave. Nephi exhorted them to pray to the Lord for forgiveness which they did.

After praying they came on down to the tent of Lehi. There they offered sacrifices and burnt offerings to the Lord as an expression of gratitude for blessings they had received. Later the sons of Lehi could take the daughters of Ishmael to wife that they might raise up seed unto the Lord in the land of promise.

Spiritual Preparation

Even with the colony fully assembled, and with the brass plates on hand, still there was more instruction needed to prepare this little colony for the journey to the promised land. Lehi was instructed more fully by means of his vision of the tree, the river, and the rod of iron. (See Lesson 8.)

Nephi was strengthened in his faith by the vision he sought and received of the things his father had seen. This vision interpreted for him his father's dream and gave him a foreknowledge of Christ's ministry in the flesh and his future appearance on the land of promise. Furthermore, it permitted Nephi to see the rise and the decline of his own people, the future coming of the Gentiles to the land of promise, and the condition of the people upon that land in the last days when the Lord should bring forth the record to the Gentiles.

The Lord prepared the colony of Lehi spiritually with visions of striking significance to them. They knew that their new destination was to be a land of promise only so long as they kept the commandments.

The sons of Lehi, and Zoram were married to the daughters of Ishmael. Lehi was commanded of the Lord by night to take his journey unto the wilderness. On the morning of his departure, Lehi found on the ground by his tent door a brass ball with two spindles (the Liahona), a compass which was to point the way through the wilderness.

Questions on the Lesson

1. What does the Lord mean by "a time appointed for every man, according as his works shall be?"
2. Why did the Lord want Lehi and his colony to have the brass plates?
3. What characteristics of the members of Lehi's family are highlighted by Nephi's account of these trips back to Jerusalem?
4. Why did the Lord give visions to Lehi and Nephi?

Visiting Teacher Messages

Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Lesson 9—"Wherefore, Do Not Spend Money for That Which Is of No Worth, Nor Your Labor for That Which Cannot Satisfy" (2 Nephi 9:51).

Leone O. Jacobs

For Tuesday, October 7, 1952

Objective: To encourage women to seek after true values in life.

EACH of us is responsible for the wise stewardship of his time and means while here on earth. Each of us will be called to give an accounting of himself to determine whether or not he has been a worthy and profitable servant. This accounting is in the making each day of our lives.

A phrase sometimes used by

merchants in advertising their wares is, "We give you the most for your money." And a legitimate question for us to ask ourselves is, "Am I getting the most for my money? Am I receiving full value and lasting satisfaction for the effort I expend?" These questions should be of serious concern to Latter-day Saints, for surely what we do with our money, our time, and our energy determines the goal we will achieve.

Is my heart set on acquiring material possessions only? Am I laboring for the perishables of life? Or am I striving also for indestructible treasures which will go on with me into eternity? In this money-mad world it would seem that the chief ambition of many is to accumulate worldly goods, but the Lord distinctly instructed, "But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness" (Matt. 6:33).

An old French proverb says, "Money is a good servant but a bad master." Money may build or destroy, curse or bless, depending upon the use made of it. If seeking the kingdom of God is the first concern, then money can help materially in achieving noble ends.

Perhaps we are unaware that some of our ambitions and desires may be leading us to a fruitless end. Perhaps some of our efforts should be rerouted along other lines. Unless we carefully examine our daily schedules, we may squander time and substance on worthless endeavors, or on worldly pleasures which impair body and character. Such conduct cannot truly satisfy.

Upon what, then, may we judiciously spend our money and effort? What are the labors which will satisfy? Endless joys and deep satisfactions come from such endeavors as the wise rearing of a family, development of creative talents in the service of the Lord, missionary activity, temple and genealogical work, kindly ministrations to neighbors and friends, and all forms of Church participation and study.

Supposing today were your last on earth;
The last mile of the journey you've trod;
After all your struggles, how much are you worth?
How much can you take home to God?
(Anon).

Work Meeting—Home Management

(A Course Recommended for Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 1—The Management of My Home

Rhea H. Gardner

For Tuesday, October 14, 1952

BUSINESSES have risen to monumental heights and have fallen to the point of complete disintegration largely because of management.

Homemaking today is the largest single business in operation in the world. In the United States alone there are more than 45,000,000 women engaged in the profession of homemaking. In financial mat-

ters the homes of the nation do a larger business than is transacted by all the oil companies combined. But the handling of finance is but a small part of home management.

If the survival and growth of business in general is dependent upon sound principles of management, how much more must our homemaking business rely upon them! Managers of a large number of successful commercial businesses were asked what they regarded as essential qualifications of a good manger. The five characteristics they believed most important were:

1. *Personal Qualities of the Manager*

The personal qualities of a manager determine, more than any other single thing, the character of a home. The degree of pride and interest the manager has in her work can make it either a challenge and opportunity or a matter of boredom. Her spirit is contagious and is passed on to others in the household.

"How is it possible for a woman to remain enthusiastic about a job that must be repeated every day or several times each day?" This question has been often asked. It is perfectly true that one job may be more interesting than another, but also true is the fact that one *mind* may be more interested than another. The maintenance of enthusiasm in work is an art to be learned." (*Management in Family Living*, Nickell and Dorsey)

2. *Basic Knowledge of Facts*

A knowledge of at least the fundamentals in the field in which one is manager, makes the job easier and the accomplishments more satisfying. One's willingness to learn is of greatest importance. A good manager never admits that she "hates" to do anything that is part of her responsibility. Rather, if there is something she has not yet learned to do or learned to *like* to do, she plans ways of improving her skill. This phase of the work, then, becomes a new avenue for enjoyment, because things we are able to do well become more pleasing and satisfying to us.

3. *Plan of Work*

While planning is the responsibility of the homemaker, plans which all the family share in making are the most successful.

One of the main purposes of a work plan is to minimize worry, confusion, and rush periods in the home. A balanced plan includes time to do all necessary things and time for rest and recreation.

Success in planning depends, to a large extent, on the manager's ability to adjust to changing conditions. Be the manager of your plan; don't let your plan manage you. Regard it as a guide, not as an iron-clad law that binds you to adherence, or it will surely fail.

4. *Willingness to Share Responsibilities With Others*

A happy family is one in which there is a fair division of labor, and in which it is taken for granted that each member will play his part.

The truly loving mother-home-manager encourages her children to take and enjoy responsibility with her as fast as they are able to do so, then, when it becomes necessary, they will be able to work alone, prepared in every way for their role in adult life.

5. *Evaluation of Accomplishments*

The ability and willingness to look back and evaluate the effectiveness of one's accomplishments is an important step in management. The best method of doing a thing today may not be the best tomorrow. Occasionally ask yourself, "Are my present habits and practices in accord with the best way of doing things, or are they shackles about me?"

Home management is more than a job to do each day. It is a plan for getting full value for every expenditure, whether it be in time,

energy, money, or opportunity. It helps us to make the best use of what we have, and thereby move forward progressively. "The highest reward for one's toil is not what he gets for it but what he becomes by it" (John Ruskin).

Thoughts for Discussion

1. Is the ability to be a good manager an inherited quality, or can it be developed?

2. What are some things that determine the role the homemaker plays in the family living plan—servant, cook, personal maid, or homemaker, loved, respected, and honored?

3. How does a work plan make it possible for us to do more things, such as spending more time with our husbands and children and enjoying more recreational activities?

4. What jobs do you enjoy doing most? Why? What ones the least? Why? Liking is a matter of learning to do a thing well. Learning takes place much faster when the learner has a desire to learn, when he is in a happy frame of mind, and when his mind and body are rested.

Literature— The Literature of England

Lesson 25—Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834)

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: *The Literature of England, II,* Woods, Watt, Anderson, pp. 163-190; 328-336)

For Tuesday, October 21, 1952

Objective: To sketch a portrait of Coleridge and to indicate his influence as a philosopher and critic.

AS our lives get themselves lived while hemmed in by unseen beauty, on rare and scheduled occasion we may permit ourselves to visit such outcroppings of the deep eternal mysteries as are to be known near the ocean, atop the mountain, at Niagara, Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone, or the Colorado. Often on the second visit, or after the first stress of awe is past, we might well revive the exhilaration of the scene by viewing it upside down and backwards through arm akimbo. This abrupt inversion, the replacing of mass with light and sky, creates a new spectacle for us, and we have lived twice because we have seen twice.

Vast correspondences exist between such natural beauties and the exalted and subterranean Samuel Taylor Coleridge. And if nature might be renewed by inversion, so might he.

If thus we begin at the ending, we find in his self-composed epitaph (text, page 190) evidence of strength arising from weakness, pathos from belief:

Stop, Christian passer-by!—Stop, child of God
And read with gentle breast. Beneath this sod
A poet lies, or that which once seemed he.
O, lift one thought in prayer for S. T. C.;
That he who many a year with toil of breath
Found death in life, may here find life in death!
Mercy for praise—to be forgiven for fame
He asked, and hoped, through Christ. Do thou the same!

Personal Characteristics

Within popular literary circles Coleridge might easily be accepted as perhaps the most outstanding personage of the romantic period—but for somewhat the wrong reasons. Instead of thus emphasizing the eminent flaws in his life and character, let us forget them. For the moment let us forget his rash decision to leave college to join the King's Light Dragoons when he could neither curry, mount, nor ride a horse. Let us forget his finally leaving college without taking any degree. Likewise, let us forget his unfortunate marriage and estrangement; his inability to make his way financially and his almost lifelong financial dependence on others; his quarrel with Wordsworth and other friends; his inability to finish any long poems save one; and, finally, the almost total withering of his poetic powers at the age of thirty, possibly due to his almost complete enslavement to opium for a number of years. (It may be noted, however, that eventually he was able to free himself from the habit.)

Instead, let us accept the whole of his life, and praise his greatness for what it was. Let us remember that his self-education was profound, and that the first generation of the romantic period was dominated by his penetrating, philosophic mind and his most brilliant imaginative powers. Let us remember that Coleridge in his lifetime knew great love, and enjoyed friendship with the great men of his day, and that when these friends helped him financially they seemed to feel it to be a rewarded burden, if one at all. His poetic life was brief and his output of first-rate

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE
As a Young Man

poetry confined to a mere handful, yet that handful exhibits a poetic power and an imaginative depth equal to the greatest in English literature.

Following his brief years as a producing poet, Coleridge continually attracted and swayed the best minds of England by his magnificent conversational and lecturing powers. As a romantic philosopher who related current trends in English letters to their Germanic backgrounds, as a Christian thinker who related Christianity to emerging scientific trends and to German romanticism, he performed inestimable service, while more than any other man he laid the solid critical basis upon which the full appreciation of Shakespeare's genius was first erected to full height,

and upon which it still exists today. During his own lifetime his virile critical writings and opinions more than those of any other save Wordsworth, gave life and direction to contemporary literary trends, and he remains today one of the most quoted, most influential critics in English literary theory.

If we thus view Coleridge's accomplishments beforehand, we should be more appreciative of his overall achievement and less prone to disparage him as a potentially great poet whose life was one largely of dissipation and failure. That his life was one of bitter tragedy, and disorganized impulsiveness, no one can deny. Yet in his writings we can discern a repentant attitude and a desire for a better life.

But enough of sweeping generalization; it is time to put solid foundations under our evaluations. Yet the attempt to choose a few rewarding excerpts from Coleridge's prose might well be likened to going shopping in a wealthy city with a book of signed blank checks and the desire to "pick up one or two lovely things"—the further we go, the deeper in we get, until finally the harvest becomes almost richer than we can bear.

Power of Imagination

It should be pointed out that in all the sister arts, from architecture to poetry, the creation itself is possible only when a solid, though scarcely visible, critical foundation has first been laid. Central in Coleridge's life, in his criticism, and in his poetry, is the human imagination, which he richly defined in his *Biographia Literaria*, his most famous critical writing (text, page 331, l. 46-63). For all those interested in poetry, this definition cannot be read too frequently nor too thoughtfully. Within context he defines the imagination in answer to his question:

> What is poetry? is so nearly the same question with, what is a poet? that the answer to the one is involved in the solution of the other. For it is a distinction resulting from the poetic genius itself, which sustains and modifies the images, thoughts, and emotions of the poet's own mind. The poet described in ideal perfection, brings the whole soul of man into activity, with the subordination of its faculties to each other, according to their relative worth and dignity. He diffuses a tone and spirit of unity that blends and (as it were) fuses each into each, by that synthetic and magical power to which we have exclusively appropriated the name of imagination (text, page 331, l. 31-46).

The poet, then, is one who uses the magical fusing power of the imagination to blend into "the living truth of an organic whole" every part of man's active soul. And not only does the imagination order and subordinate all parts of man into a harmonious oneness; it also re-creates the poet within himself and in his relation to the world about him, which formerly he has known only through the senses. The physical world becomes most truly alive only when the senses perceiving it become so magically quickened by the imagination that we are enabled to become (imaginatively) whatever object or person or animal our senses report to us.

The aroused senses re-create and elevate the materials of the common, physical world into a more exalted reality than we ever knew in everyday life. For example,

which is more enduringly real, the tangible rose in the garden, the memory of that rose on a February morning, or the rose as the symbol of passionate love as it has been acknowledged throughout the entire literature of love, and immortally caught in Burns' line, "My luv is like a red, red rose"?

Which brings us nearer reality: a visit to the sacred grove or the song, "Oh, How Lovely Was the Morning"? A visit to the U.S.S. Constitution as she rolls in the waters of Boston Harbor or Oliver Wendell Holmes' poem "Old Ironsides"? Which will live longer: Hopalong Cassidy, Dickens' Oliver Twist, or an actual English boy? Shakespeare's "imagined" Hamlet or the actual Danish king? Your own most frightening experience or the universal horror of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner"?

Function of Poetry

For Coleridge the imagination unifies man not only within himself and within his physical world, but with the divine spirit throughout the universe. For him, the imaginative re-creation of experience is not only the source of all great art and poetry, it is the basis of spiritual and religious experience as well. But, in order to realize the spirit above, says Coleridge, we must first realize the spirit deep within each of us, those mysterious inner realities which are powerful yet rarely acknowledged and even more rarely communicated. It is because "The Ancient Mariner" plumbs these depths and is successful in re-creating these imaginative realities that it is one of the great poems in our tradition, and completely unrivalled in its genius. And in thus lifting man above the confines of self, sensation, time, and space, Coleridge believes the function of poetry resembles that of religion:

> Both poetry and religion throw the object of deepest interest to a distance from us, and thereby not only aid our imagination, but in a most important manner subserve the interest for our virtues; for that man is indeed a slave, who is a slave to his own senses, and whose mind and imagination cannot carry him beyond the distance which his hand can touch, or even his eye can reach (Lecture VIII, 1811-1812).

For Coleridge, the only experiences, whether poetic or religious, are those within the soul; another of his fundamental, lifelong convictions was that life is an organic, progressive growing toward higher levels of perfection. However, the "truths by which we rise must be earned by constantly exercising our senses and understanding, reason and imagination, and finally, our faith. One of the greatest functions of poetry is so to enlarge man's soul and sympathies that he may more capably use the above means of lifting himself to fuller self-realization.

Discussion of Poetic Values—Biographia Literaria

We are now ready to return to Chapter XIV of his *Biographia Literaria* for Coleridge's detailed discussion of poetic values. In his discussion he defines the purpose for his supernatural poems in *Lyrical Ballads* as being to interest

> . . . the affections by the dramatic truth of such emotions as would naturally accompany such situations, supposing them real. And real in this sense they

have been to every human being who . . . has at any time believed himself under supernatural agency (text, page 328, l. 19-25).

In these poems he hopes to:

. . . transfer from our inward nature a human interest semblance of truth sufficient to procure for these shadows of imagination that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment which constitutes poetic faith (l. 36-40).

Here, then, is the requisite which all poetry, indeed all art, must fulfill.

After pointing out such terms as "the language of real life," upon which he formed the first disagreement with Wordsworth, Coleridge states that the materials of poetry and prose are the same; poetry is a different combination of these ingredients, since it has different objects in view, of which he names three.

The lowest form of poetry hopes to assist one in remembering useful facts, as in the lines:

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November.

The object of the next class of poetry is to communicate truth, with an accompanying pleasure "of the highest and most permanent kind" but which is not the purpose of the poem.

A third class of poems is that in which pleasure is the end sought, and "though truth, either moral or intellectual, ought to be the ultimate end, yet this will distinguish the character of the author, not the class to which the work belongs." (See text, page 330, l. 2-18.) He then praises the society which refuses to honor poets skilled in diction and imagery, but whose moral values are unsound. Later (page 331, l. 2-12) Coleridge points out that such great works, as a very large proportion of the book of Isaiah, are "poetry in the most emphatic sense," yet they do not contain regular meter and rhyme. If, then, the highest type of poetry may or may not contain truth or meter, how can a poem as such be defined?

Coleridge says:

A poem is that species of composition which is opposed to works of science by proposing for its immediate object pleasure, not truth; and from all other species (having this object in common with it) it is discriminated by proposing to itself such delight from the whole as is compatible with a distinct gratification from each component part (text, page 330, l. 40-47).

His last point before discussing the function of the imagination in poetry is that poetry excites "a more continuous and equal attention" (page 331 l. 24, 25) than prose, which means that in order for us to receive the condensed meaning of poetry, we must attend more closely. "Finally," he writes:

. . . good sense is the body of poetic genius, fancy its drapery, motion its life, and imagination the soul that is everywhere, and in each; and forms all into one graceful and intelligent whole (text, page 331, l. 80-84).

Thus writes one of the most brilliant of the romantic minds, the most substantial of its critics. Here we find no evidence of "romanticism" in the bad sense of excess, unrestrained emotion, impulsive, chaotic organization, or being led astray by whim or fancy. Perhaps we might best end Coleridge's dis-

cussion of poetry by a quotation from his *Anima Poetae*: "Poetry which excites us to artificial feelings makes us callous to real ones."

Criticism of the Works of Shakespeare

We are now ready to apply Coleridge's critical theories to two other areas of his writing: his masterful criticism of another author, and his own poetry. The lesson following will be devoted to Coleridge's poems; here we shall call attention to his criticism of Shakespeare (text, pp. 332-336) which one critic has claimed is indispensable equipment for the fullest appreciation of Shakespeare's genius.

Previous to Coleridge's critical re-evaluation of him, Shakespeare had been regarded as an unrestrained, unguided natural genius, unmindful of any conscious rule or design in his dramas. Coleridge praises him for having planned his work with great care, for best combining the heterogeneous elements of life into a harmonious oneness, and for creating great characters rather than relying on artificial tricks of plotting or coincidence. He follows the law of unit, which is the law of nature; he also follows the natural trend by drawing his material from life and people as they are, rather than from the freakish or the improbable. His moral values are always true, nor does he moralize, but allows the audience to infer what the character is from his own words and actions, not through the interpretation of the intruding author.

Note to Class Leaders:

Class leaders should feel free to draw material at will from these critical writings, and to illustrate Coleridge's critical points by illustrations from Shakespeare or Isaiah.

Suggestions for Discussion

1. Why, in order to form a valid judgment of Coleridge, must the events of his life be related to his writings?
2. Why might his life be considered a failure? A success?
3. Discuss Coleridge's definition of a poem.
4. Why should one know Coleridge's criticism of Shakespeare?

Social Science—The Progress of Man

Part III—In the Way of Destiny

Lesson 15—The Constitution of the United States

Elder Archibald F. Bennett

(Text: *The Progress of Man*, chapters 25; 26; 27; 28; 29: pp. 335-336).

For Tuesday, October 28, 1952

Objective: To present the truth that in a critical period of American history the Lord raised up wise men to establish the Constitution of the United States, for the protection of the rights and privileges and moral agency of man.

A Most Critical Period

BEFORE the outbreak of the Revolution the thirteen colonies, which later formed the union of the United States, were to all intents and purposes separate and distinct from each other. The difficulty with the mother country

brought them to a unity of purpose and resistance by force of arms against the wrongs imposed upon them. Although the colonies were separate units acting independently of each other, the bond of common interest and sympathy for each other in their struggle was the cement which bound them during the period of the war. A Continental Congress was convened and exercised jurisdiction throughout the days of the revolution. Delegates from each of the colonies held seats in this Congress.

At the close of the Revolution the several states found themselves independent of Great Britain, but confronted with the danger of falling apart now that the stress of war and necessity which the war imposed upon them to stand together had been removed. Some of the wisest statesmen among the patriots saw this danger and attempted to avert it. George Washington, in a circular letter to the state governors, wrote in June 1783, saying:

> There should be lodged somewhere a supreme power to regulate and govern the general concerns of the Confederated republic, without which the Union cannot be of long duration.

John Fisk, the historian, has referred to the period between 1783 and 1789, as the most critical period in the history of the United States. Hostilities came to an end; the army was disbanded; but the men had not been paid. Congress was impotent to raise funds and many of the wisest minds were fearful that the army would rise and take matters into its own hands. For a time it appeared that the several colonies would go their separate ways. It has been truthfully said:

> But though America had won her independence, she had not secured harmony and union. While the war lasted the states fought like brothers, side by side; now that the danger was over, they threatened to fall apart. We were like a barrel made of thirteen staves, but yet without a single hoop to hold us together. Under the Articles of Confederation or Constitution adopted in 1781, the nation had no President—no head. It had only a Congress, and that Congress was destitute of power. It might pass good and useful laws, but it could not compel the people to obey them. It might beg the people to give money, but it could not make them furnish it. It might ask for soldiers to defend the country, but it could not draft them . . . .
>
> Distress and discontent grew worse and worse. The states quarreled with each other about boundary lines, about commerce, about trade. Instead of being a united and friendly people, they were fast getting to be thirteen hostile nations ready to draw the sword against each other (Montgomery, *American History*, pp. 189-190).

A Loose Confederation

At this particular time the United States was merely a confederation of the states, or a number of small nations which had entered into an agreement to live together and act in concert in relation to their common welfare. The idea prevailed among them that this federation could be severed at any time and each state reserved the right to withdraw at will from the union thus formed. Under the "Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union between the States," the union had no President, no supreme court, and consisted of one house of Congress made up of dele-

gates elected by the legislatures of the states, whose jurisdiction was greatly limited. There were so many defects and restrictions in the Federation that some wise men in the nation readily perceived that something more nearly perfect, more powerful and binding upon the colonies, was necessary if the union was to be preserved.

The Constitution Ratified

It was with this objective that in May 1787, a convention of delegates from all the states, except Rhode Island, met in Philadelphia. The number of delegates was fifty-five, but only thirty-nine of them signed the Constitution. George Washington presided. Benjamin Franklin, the dean of the convention, was in his eighty-second year, but it is said of him he was as alert and active as a young man of twenty-five. Washington, Franklin, Madison, Hamilton, and Marshall had the leading part in the drafting of the Constitution, and after it was adopted by the Convention, Madison and Hamilton were untiring in their efforts in urging its ratification by the several states. Writings of these men which appeared in *The Federalist* show the inspiration of the Almighty which rested upon them.

The preamble of the Constitution of the United States reads as follows:

> We, the People of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this CONSTITUTION for the United States of America.

After a stormy period of nearly four months in which some of the delegates almost despaired of ever coming to a peaceable agreement, the Constitution of the United States was adopted by the Convention. The next step was to have the people of the thirteen states ratify the action of the Convention. That same year three of the states ratified, and eight more the following year. Rhode Island and North Carolina delayed for some months, but finally joined with their sister states in ratification. The Constitution went into operation March 4, 1789, and thus became the vital and basic law of the United States. George Washington was elected President of the United States April 6, 1789, and was inaugurated on the 30th day of that same month.

Wisdom of the Constitution

The Constitution is the greatest document, so far as we know, ever adopted by organized society for government, outside of the kingdom of God. It furnishes the nation a system of checks and balances for its protection so that any one department of the government cannot, without losing its sacred functions, be overcome or subordinated by another. There are three great departments provided: the legislative, the judicial, and the executive.

> Each is given power to defend itself against the encroachments of the other two, and each acts as a check on the others . . . . The framers of the Constitution sought to give each department its due share of power, and prevent any one department from making itself supreme. For instance, the executive power is vested in the President; but he also exercises important legislative functions in his veto,

and judicial power in his right to pardon. The legislative power is lodged in Congress, but the Senate acts as an advisory council to the President—without its consent no important appointment can be made and no treaty ratified. The judicial power is entrusted to the Supreme Court and inferior courts; but, as no law can be enforced which the Supreme Court declares to be unconstitutional, the Supreme Court, in fact, exercises supreme legislative functions. Finally, the House of Representatives, by means of its initiative in taxation, exercises a most effectual control over the executive department.

. . . the legislative power is confined to certain subjects enumerated in the Constitution, and is further restricted by the first ten amendments, especially by the tenth, which declares that "the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively or to the people (Channing: *Students' History of the United States*, pp. 240-241).

The people should guard, with jealous care, against the time ever coming when anyone of these three branches may surrender its rights to any other, or be swallowed up and overcome by some other branch of the government. Today there are many who advocate the destruction of these safeguards given us by the framers of the Constitution, who were men inspired to make this document as near to the fundamental doctrines of the kingdom of God as it was possible under the circumstances for it to be.

The wisdom of the provisions in the Constitution which protect the liberties and inherent rights of the citizens, should be apparent to all. They should be guarded and protected with jealous care. The Constitution is our assurance against anarchy and despotism. Every Latter-day Saint should be familiar with every part of this great document.

With the provision of the Constitution that there should be no religious test, and that every person should have the right to worship according to the dictates of conscience, the fulness of religious liberty was born. This principle, we may see from a study of the past, has been of gradual growth and development since the days of the emancipation of the people from religious tyranny at the time of the protestant revolution. It took several centuries for the seed to develop and bring forth the fully developed fruit, which it did when the government of the United States was formed. In this way the Lord prepared the way for the restoration of the gospel with all its keys and powers in the dispensation of the fulness of times. He, in his infinite wisdom, prepared the way, commencing several hundred years before and working through brave and humble men, many of whom became martyrs to the cause of truth, when darkness ruled supreme over the face of the earth.

The Church and the Constitution

From the very beginning of this latter-day work we have been taught that the Constitution of the United States is an inspired document. Such it was when it came forth from the hands of the framers. Above all peoples on the face of the earth the Latter-day Saints should uphold, defend, and cherish this sacred document. It has been predicted that the time will come when it will be threatened with destruc-

tion, and when that time comes the true Latter-day Saints will rally to its support. The Lord said:

> And that law of the land which is constitutional, supporting that principle of freedom in maintaining rights and privileges, belongs to all mankind, and is justifiable before me.
>
> Therefore, I, the Lord, justify you, and your brethren of my church, in befriending that law which is the constitutional law of the land (D. & C. 98:5-6).
>
> Therefore, it is not right that any man should be in bondage one to another. And for this purpose have I established the Constitution of this land, by the hands of wise men whom I raised up unto this very purpose, and redeemed the land by the shedding of blood (D. & C. 101: 79-80).

Since the Constitution was based upon correct principles founded, as the Prophet Joseph Smith has said, "on the wisdom of God," as he saw fit to give it to our fathers, we, above all peoples on the earth, should rally to its support in time of need and rejoice in its great protecting influence.

The great English statesman, William E. Gladstone, said of the American Constitution:

> So far as I am able to observe, it is the greatest instrument ever stricken off at a given time, by the brain and purpose of man.

The Prophet Joseph Smith, while suffering unjustly at the hands of officials who had sworn to uphold and defend the sacred principles of the Constitution, wrote to the saints to defend and sustain the constitutional law of the land and to be loyal to the fundamental principles of our government:

> Hence we say, that the Constitution of the United States is a glorious standard; it is founded in the wisdom of God. It is a heavenly banner; it is to all those who are privileged with the sweets of its liberty, like the cooling shades and refreshing waters of a great rock in a thirsty and weary land. It is like a great tree under whose branches men from every clime can be shielded from the burning rays of the sun.
>
> It is one of the first principles of my life, and one that I have cultivated from my childhood, having been taught it by my father, to allow every one the liberty of conscience. I am the greatest advocate of the Constitution of the United States there is on the earth. In my feelings I am always ready to die for the protection of the weak and oppressed in their just rights (Joseph Smith, D. H. C., 3:304; 6:56-57).

Reference for study: "The Constitution and the United Nations Charter," *The Relief Society Magazine*, August, September, October, and November, 1951.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. Why is the period immediately following the Revolutionary War called "the most critical period in American history?"
2. What dangers arose from the loose confederation and weak government under the Articles of Confederation?
3. Name some of the leading advocates for adopting the Constitution.
4. What has the Lord said about the Constitution and the men who framed it?
5. Why could the Prophet truly say: "I am the greatest advocate of the Constitution of the United States there is on earth?"
6. Why should "we above all peoples on the earth rally to its support in time of need?"
7. Note the words of President George Albert Smith (given after quoting D. & C. 98:4-7): "In other words, if we fail to sustain the constitutional law of the land, we have transgressed the will of our Heavenly Father . . . . We still believe

that there is only one way whereby we may enjoy peace and happiness, and that is by observing the constitutional law of our land, and by sustaining that constitutional law that was inspired by our Heavenly Father at the inception of this great government. So, as Latter-day Saints in these times of unrest, we may know that no man is a faithful member of this Church, in good standing, who refuses to sustain the constitutional law of the land, and who lends himself in any way to break down that organized system of laws that has been prepared for the good of the community. The Lord directs that we seek after good men and great men, and that we pray for and sustain them in order that the laws that are enacted for our government may be such as he would be pleased to endorse" (*Improvement Era*, July 1949, pp. 429, 477).

* * * *

Deeper Images

Alice Morrey Bailey

There is more than body-hunger in this lad,
For new-baked bread, the warm and spicy thrall
Of homemade apple pies, the supper call.
You cannot say exactly he is sad.
Other boys have been so illy clad,
Or grown rib-thin and just as gangling tall.
On him unmended sox, or none at all
Remind of her whose touch he never had.

There are deeper hungers in his eyes—
His hope, his quick desire to please, reveal
Uncertainty. His awkward gesture cries
For comforting; his needs make dumb appeal.
His is the sharp and haunting wistfulness
That clings unseen about the motherless.

The Summer-Hearted

Lael W. Hill

She saw red roses twined about a mailbox,
White daisies starring pathways down the hill,
Long, green hair of the weeping willow, swaying
In the restless breath of little winds, until
The warm and fragrant silence of midsummer
Laid quietness on them, and they were still.

And all of summer twined about her—joyous
With smiling pansies, blue forget-me-nots,
To mark her quickened spirit's bright unfolding;
And little winds made quiet in her thoughts.

Uncertain Possession

(*Continued from page 465*)

UNCLE John, in cowboy boots and ten-gallon white Stetson, came haltingly across the lawn, using his cane lightly. He stared at her in astonishment, as she laid the frothy dress on the back seat of the car.

Her voice tumbled in an anxious torrent, as she explained, "I'm sorry, Hallie. And ashamed! Take this to Netty. She'll love it just as I do. I won't need it. When Matt comes back, we'll come to the party. That is," she concluded uncertainly, "if I can find Matt's boots!"

Before Hallie could do more than smile, before Uncle John could even do that, Lorna rushed back into the house, spilling things from the hall closet in her eagerness to find Matt's things.

As she worked, she smiled, thinking: "We don't really need to go dancing at the lake to know that we're still in love. We don't need a blue dress to remind us. The moon will be just as big over the Stevens' barn . . . ."

She had found the boots. She held them triumphantly up as Matt came into the hall. She was in a hurry to tell him what she had done about the blue dress.

But his drawn, white face stopped the words in her throat. He came a little unsteadily to face her, and she didn't need his words to tell her what had happened. His voice was deeply quiet, and his dark, steady eyes were filled with pain.

"She was gone, Lorna. Even before I got there . . . ."

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"Matt, Matt!" She touched his hand gently. Many of his patients had been called away. Always he had been concerned, grieved to have them go. But this was different. Looking at him, seeing the strained anguish in his face, she knew that something had gone out of Matt's life that would never enter it again. In losing his best friend, he must close a page of life that had been lovely, beautiful.

Right now, Lorna knew, watching him drop into a chair and bury his dark head in his hands as a long shuddering sob tore through him, Matt must walk alone. Though she was there beside him, she could not call him back from his lonely vigil.

And she did not try, nor even want to do so. She knew that this was the door that had always been shut against her. Even if she had been able to open it, she would not have tried.

For the first time she was sharing her husband willingly, generously. A closed door would never be so cruel and harsh against her ever again. Her lips moved silently, as she followed Matt into the living room, knowing that he was not aware of her presence.

Deep in her heart her unspoken words cried out to Matt: "I am here, my darling. I'll always be here! When you come back to me, I'll be waiting . . . ."

And she knew that the waiting would be neither hard, nor so very, very long.

(To be concluded)

Canadian Rockies Cradle Church Settlements

(Continued from page 439)

sunlight that was glorifying the great square dome of the Cardston temple—almost within sight of these now radiant mountain walls. Chief Mountain stands alone, to the east, guarding Waterton Lakes. Yet it is near the highway to Cardston—one point in the triangle of towns, so blessed to be so near these beautiful parks.

Memory

Beatrice K. Ekman

Only the ones we lose, we keep, some say,
Years slip behind us, one by one
The step grows slow and the hair turns gray,
And the little race is run.

Only the ones we lose, we keep—
His memory shall not pass,
Though lonely years upon me creep
Like shadows over grass.

Serenity

Maude O. Cook

There is a peace in homely things,
The well-worn shoe, the deep-scarred floor,
The weathered seat beneath the oak,
The dark wood of an aging door.

The face serene from conquests won,
Has timeless beauty etched in scars;
The soul that moves above the crowd,
Already walks among the stars.

Here time clings with tenacious hold,
No need for restless speed or flight,
Eternity is here and now,
Unruffled as the dawn's first light.

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From Near and Far

Eva Willes Wangsgaard, author of "Girders of Strength," page 429, long a contributor to *The Relief Society Magazine*, and winner of many awards in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest, is a nationally known poet and author of distinction. During the past year she has won awards in seven different national poetry contests. She is a member of the Blue Quill writers' club of Ogden, Utah, and is second vice-president of the League of Utah Writers.

Claire W. Noall (Mrs. Matthew F. Noall, Salt Lake City), author of "Canadian Rockies Cradle Church Settlements," page 434, is well known for her scholarly research in western history and for her excellent travel and regional articles. Her work has appeared in *California Folk Lore Quarterly*, *The Utah State Historical Quarterly*, *The Improvement Era*, and many other publications. She is a member of several literary and professional groups, including the League of Utah Writers and the National League of American Pen Women. Mrs. Noall's mother, Elizabeth S. Wilcox, was a member of the general board of Relief Society for many years.

Fay Ollerton Tarlock (Mrs. Anthony Tarlock, Danville, California), author of the serial "A Time to Forget," beginning in this issue of the *Magazine*, page 440, is a graduate of Columbia University's school of journalism. Her stories and articles have appeared in magazines of national circulation, including *The Atlantic Monthly*. She is known to readers of *The Relief Society Magazine* as the author of many excellent short stories.

I was very pleased with the picture and piece ("A Needle and Thread Hobby," May 1952, page 302) and have received several letters from California, Cedar City, Ogden, and other places, offering congratulations on it. I was eighty-five on the 6th day of April, 1952, so many thanks for your kindness.

—Martha Jones
Provo, Utah

I desire to express my appreciation for Alice Morrey Bailey's perfect poem "Overtones" (Frontispiece, May 1952). This poem is pure artistry in its correctness of technique and its use of words, but most of all in its power to recall each one's mother to the readers. I shed a few joyous, nostalgic tears as I visioned my sainted mother doing the tasks mentioned, with a song of thankfulness for her motherhood on her lips; and for a few moments I longed to be a child again, then accepted my present responsibility with a greater desire to be the mother my children will be able to remember as I remember mine. That poem alone is worth the price of the *Magazine*.

—Mabel Law Atkinson
Dayton, Ohio

I loved the story "It Happened One Day" (by Edna Rae Madsen, May 1952). That natural, transparent style of writing seems to me excellent and artistic. Let us see more stories by this promising author.

Congratulations to Thelma Hatch! "Every Night at Our House" (May 1952) is an excellent story, full of humor and human interest. I read it twice and then read it again to my family and even my husband liked it. It is really a little masterpiece. The poem "Our Young Mother," by Iris Schow (May 1952) shows poetic insight and depth of feeling. Miss Schow is a fine poet and I always enjoy her work.

—Dorothy J. Roberts
Salt Lake City, Utah

I have been a subscriber to *The Relief Society Magazine* for many years, and I have always enjoyed it as it has brought me many hours of pleasure. I wish to thank you for the present serial "Uncertain Possession" by Beatrice R. Parsons This is the best, most professional story you have ever published. May we look forward to more like it.

—Amy D. Green
Salt Lake City, Utah

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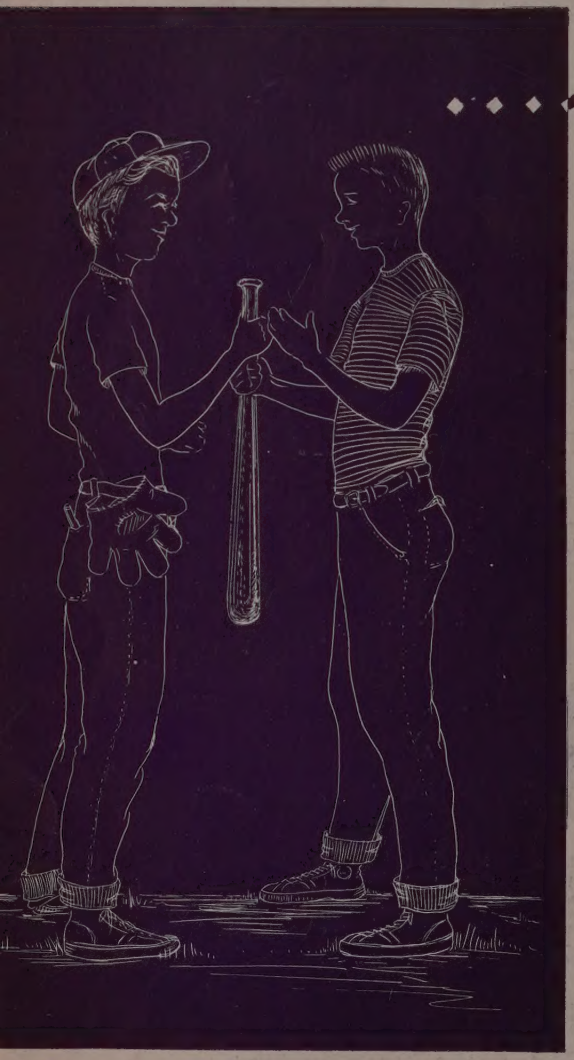

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